BER 1—7, 1979

RS. 1.50

EVE'S WEEKLY

CONSUMER AWARENESS: KNOW YOUR SHAMPOO

THE SOPHISTICAT LOOK: A FASHION SPREAD

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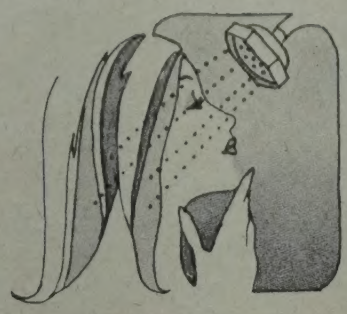
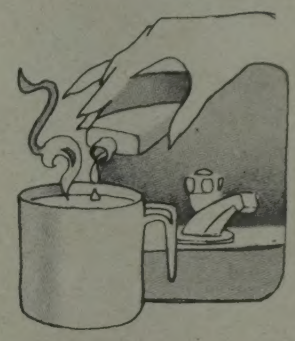
CHAITRA-CS-177

Must you suffer chapped skin and cracked lips every winter? Protect yourself these four ways!



1 All those hot, steamy baths you have every winter morning don't help a bit. You end up losing vital moisture and your skin becomes scaly and dry. Bathe in tepid water if you can't stand the thought of cold baths.

2 If you don't have the time to oil yourself, try this quick, simple alternative. After your bath, put in a few drops of olive oil—even coconut oil will do—into a mug of warm water and splash it all over your body. Then just pat yourself dry with a towel.



3 Those winter winds raise a lot of dust. And dirt and cracked skin are a dangerous combination. A good home remedy is a 'maida' and milk paste rubbed into the skin. Just see the dirt come out and your skin glow.

4 Boroline is a must in winter.

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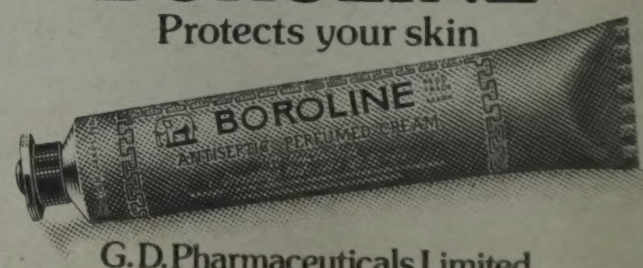

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THIS WEEK

WOMEN IN VIETNAM

Constitutional guarantees of equality between the sexes are familiar. The difference in Vietnam seems to be that there is a widespread consciousness that the revolution cannot succeed without the participation of women and that the struggle for women's rights has to be an integral part of the revolution. A personal observation of the status of women in Vietnam.

Page 11.

THE TRAVELLING LIBRARIAN

Welthy Fisher's Literacy House, based in Lucknow, continues its work in adult literacy. One of its interesting services is the ingenious travelling library: workers on cycles with tin trunks full of books, carrying reading material to the hundreds of villagers who would otherwise have no access to it.

Page 21.

OH TO BE A NAVAL WIFE!

It's not all a bunk of roses, says an experienced naval wife. But many women are now taking to making waves in their careers.

Page 17.

WHAT'S IN A SHAMPOO?

The Indian consumer spends 8.5 crores on shampoos every year. Is it just skilful advertising or do shampoos have something that soaps haven't?

Page 53.

ALSO

Make attractive felt items yourself — **Page 23** For the Winter Months: A cuddly dog to make yourself — **Page 31** Passing Through: Jamila Massey — **Page 37** Eve Today: Leelavathy Patrick — **Page 45** Film Interview: Reena Roy — **Page 47** Women in Focus: Rajesh Kanwal — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**24**, Beauty Bulletin/**33**, That's A Laugh/**33**, Fashion/**34**, Cookery/**39**, Comics/**46**, What's New/**51**, True Confession/**57**, Frankly Speaking/**63**, People & Events/**64**, Horoscope/**66**.

WHAT DOES 1980 HOLD FOR YOU?

Freedom & Beauty!

EVE'S ANNUAL '79

Daring looks to lead you astray!

Be free on the beaches of Goa

Newest concepts in Eye Care

Choose your love Partner with the help of Zodiac Signs

Eat your way to Health and Beauty

Freedom from Unwanted Pregnancies

Edited by
SHANTI CHOPRA

OUT NOW

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

A HERO TO WORSHIP

Amitabh Bachchan is the reigning hero in the life my four-year-old son. I remember, as a child, I was scolded if ever I even named a film star. Even as a teenager I would discuss films on the sly. But then I had a Jawaharlal and a Kennedy to hero-worship. What alternative do I have now to provide my son? A Charan Singh? — whose only ambition in life was to reach the dizzy heights of Prime Ministership. But by what means or at what cost didn't matter to him. Morarji? — who clung to his chair because his ambition had not been achieved in full measure. Indira Gandhi? — for whom her son's welfare is of prime importance and comes before the nation's welfare.

We have leaders with commendable candour who have stated that it is every politician's sole dream to reach the top of the ladder. Whoever knows how to pull the strings, grease the palms, cross the floors and stab the backs can legitimately hope to receive their share of the bounty. Prosperity is the keynote of the system, so if you want to thrive, jump onto this merry bandwagon. But you must leave behind some old-fashioned notions like honesty, truth, honour, etc. Spondylitis is an affliction one need never be afraid of here, because it visits only those who have backbones. It is nauseating and disgusting to see how human beings can stoop so low.

At least Amitabh Bachchan has the talent and carries himself with dignity (on the screen); an ideal my son can follow and whom my son can hold in esteem.

VIJAYA MURTHY, Bombay.

Every youngster needs a hero to emulate, and it is a pity that our children today have no one to look up to and admire, as we had our Jawaharlal, and Gandhiji. A film hero who conducts himself with dignity and imbues in young people a fervour for their country, is certainly worth emulating. The late John Wayne was such a person and American youngsters identified with him much more than with Abraham Lincoln or John Kennedy.

2nd PRIZE

HOLIDAYS GALORE

A holiday is a good thing... And one can have too much of a good thing. In India we do. Every second day, for many of us, is a holiday. The death, birth and centenary anniversaries of Indian leaders, both national as well as regional, and our innumerable religious festivals all serve to make up one big holiday, as it were. The resulting damage done to our national production in every field is unthinkable. What is most comical is that due to such frequent vacation sprees we often don't even know why "we have 'em"!

Our middle classes never willingly give a day off to their domestic servants. Employers insist on salary cuts while giving even a half-day off. Our rural folk don't know a Sunday from a Tuesday. Yet our city-dwelling government servants clamour for more holidays, threatening to go on strike at the drop of a hat. With the coming elections just around the corner, a holiday will be declared for voting. Nobody ever says: get up an hour earlier or use your lunch-break for using your franchise. We commemorate most holidays by displaying our phoney piety; we throng to the movie-houses or flood the eating houses. The least we do is lounge around the house. We do nothing creative or worthwhile during such times.

Can a poor country like ours afford such a luxury? True, most western nations have a five-day week. They really let their hair down during the week-end. But then they work to their maximum point of efficiency throughout the week. Before it gets too late, we had better start aping them in this respect also; let us give of our best. Or one day, we may have to pay for these mammoth doses of holidays.

UMA JAYARAM, Madurai.

No, we cannot afford such a luxury. We are becoming lazy, inefficient and careless. We want holidays all right, but do we work extra hard on the remaining working days? No. We can't have our cake and eat it, too!

3rd PRIZE

DANGER-OUS SIGNALS?

Are we unknowingly inculcating indiscipline in the motorists and the pedestrians by allowing traffic lights to remain switched on throughout the night when they are not required? Pedestrians, as well as motorists, experience in Bombay a unique phenomenon: they are detained for no earthly reason other than that the "dumb policeman" (traffic lights) stands there to stop them even when no other person or vehicle is in sight. This dumb policeman stands there day in and day out, in good as well as bad weather, doing his duty to the best of his ability but he can't help it when he is being ignored, when he knows he deserves to be ignored.

Many gadgets like traffic lights have been invented by enterprising people for the benefit of all in the form of improvements and better living and working conditions in this world. But what is precisely and conveniently missed out is that these gadgets are for a specified purpose over a limited period and that they are not useful — and in fact a liability — when the situation is different. Traffic lights are an asset provided they are usefully employed in the regulation of peak traffic. They need to be switched off or controlled when they have done their task for the day or the switching pattern must vary, depending upon the traffic prevailing at the time. We, the motorists, as also the pedestrians, plead to the authorities-that-be to regulate the operation of traffic lights depending upon the traffic pattern. Otherwise we will get into the habit of jumping signals.

MRS. ANU KAMATH, Bombay.

We are sure the traffic department have their reasons for leaving certain traffic lights on beyond the given periods. Many accidents take place precisely because both motorists and pedestrians think there is no traffic and no danger, after peak traffic hours. We should all be disciplined enough to comply with regulations, whether we agree with them or not — especially where safety of life is concerned.

SQUIRRELS AND BOWS

However cute a squirrel may look, it assumed the role of a villain when it gnawed into the first lovely pomegranate our small tree had yielded. Ever since then I've been busy trying ways and means to combat the quick and powerful enemy. Before I managed to cover the ripening fruits with the plastic sachets in which we get milk here, I was told that it could be covered by a thick cloth.

Our old gardener, although he cursed the squirrel, had no ideas on how to preserve the fruit. So I gave him a piece of cloth to cover the ripening fruit. Just imagine my surprise and amusement when I next saw the tree. The cloth piece had been cut into strips, and each bough had a bow above its little fruit! The tree wore a truly festive look. He explained later that he had presumed the naughty squirrels would be frightened off by the white ribbon over the fruit, as if it were a magic talisman protecting it from being eaten!

PARVATI V. MENON Madras

Your gardener must be a very artistic and aesthetic kind of fellow! But you didn't tell us if the pretty, white bows scared away the teeniest, littlest of the naughty squirrels?

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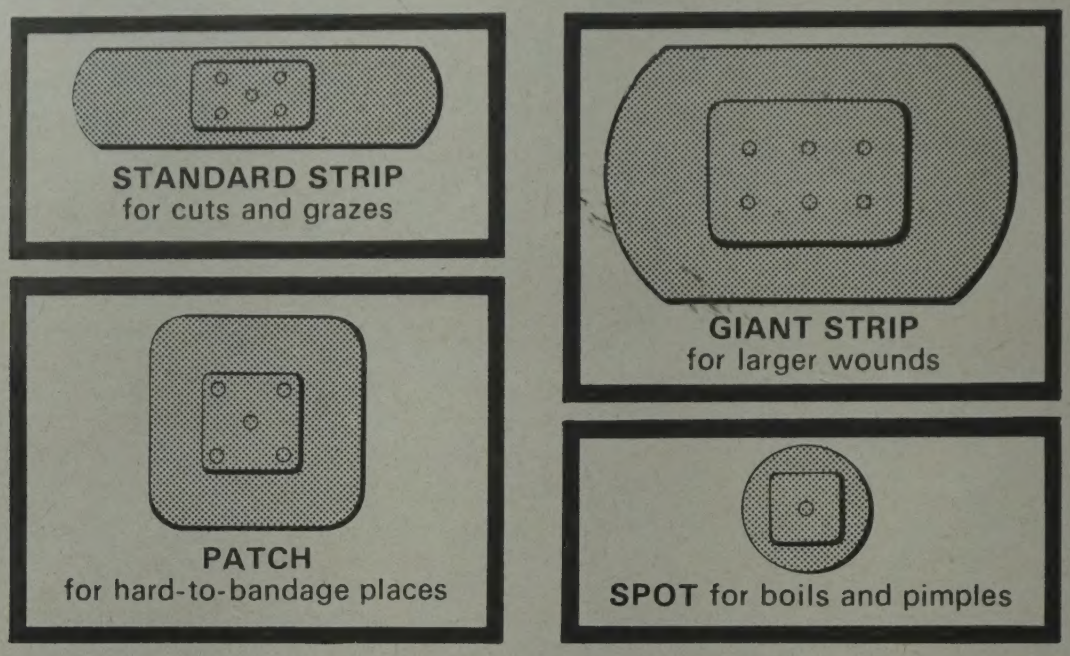

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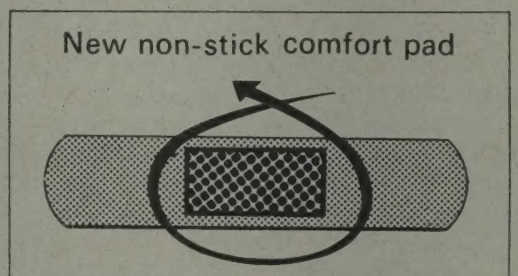

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

ADDRESS WANTED

I am writing this with reference to the article entitled "Yours Faithfully, The Secretary" by Lalogue Postvala (Oct. 6). The author mentions the valuable services being rendered by the National Institute of Personal Secretaries (NIPS) by means of lectures and seminars. I would like to know the location of the Institution, which is of importance to interested readers like me and which was not mentioned in the article.

G. PREMA KUMARI, Hyderabad.

National Institute of Personal Secretaries, c/o J. J. College of Commerce, 14 Nanabhoy Lane, Fort, Bombay 400, 001. President: Mrs. Homai Mehta.

NO RESPECT

In the article "Yours Faithfully, the Secretary" by Lalogue Postvala (October 6), the writer may have extensively interviewed people, but she has not been able to convey many things. For example, she has not taken the social aspect of this profession, which is so important in this modern day where a steno-secretary is a part of every company, but the job is still not considered a very respectable calling.

This profession requires a good educational background, brains, common sense, responsibility, maturity, efficiency, poise, cool-headedness, tact and many other qualities, but even then, it is not considered a very respectable profession. It is looked down upon in our society. A secretary is not given much importance in her own organisation. You can't tell anybody your profession proudly, even if you are working as an executive secretary drawing more that Rs. 1500 p.m. or more, which is more than some of the managers, engineers, journalists or others in so-called respectable professions get.

And not in all the firms are the executive secretaries promoted. Once they start as a secretary they are always a secretary. Secretaries must be respected and it must be recognized that their job is an important, pivotal and responsible job requiring intelligence.

KIRAN SINGH, New Delhi.

COMMERCIALIZED ABORTIONS

The article, "Relax and it will not hurt" (October 6), is a true and exact report of what is prevalent in today's hospitals, whether public or private. These inhuman practices are the result of today's commercialized society. Moral values are buried under the rubble of commercialism. Even God is the victim of commercialism. Try visiting any religious temple. The poor are pushed aside to make way for the rich and the special darshans for which they can afford to pay.

The process of abortion has been made out to be so easy that everybody wants to do it. I remember a cartoon in which the wife asks the husband to have his haircut while she has her abortion! But no one who has undergone it once will ever want to repeat it. Until a proper family planning method is devised women will have to suffer while men whisper passionately, "C'mon darling, just this once."

PADMA MENON, New Delhi.

AVOIDABLE FLAWS

In Shobha Varadpande's article, "Behind the Footlights" (October 6), Sonal Mansingh is described as tall, beautiful and brilliant. She may be beautiful and brilliant — in fact, I would say she is. But she's 5' 2" at the most in height. That's surely not what one could call tall. Apart from this minor defect, the article was superb but such defects should not be allowed to creep in, especially about such well known personalities. Imagine what would happen if Sunil Gavaskar were referred to as tall!

RENUKA NAIR, Trivandrum.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF DEC. 8

TRIBUTE TO MOTHER TERESA

For the first time there has been no controversy or furore but, rather, universal agreement and joy over the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize. Mother Teresa, as everyone acknowledges without reservation, more than deserves it for her invaluable work among the poor of the world. A tribute to this remarkable woman.

ALSO

A glimpse of the work being done by Mother Teresa's Missionaries of Charity all over the world.

AND

An unusual prayer-poem addressed to the Mother.

PLUS

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

An ex-Air Force man's fight for life.

BEAUTY CONTESTS

Reports from Calcutta and Delhi

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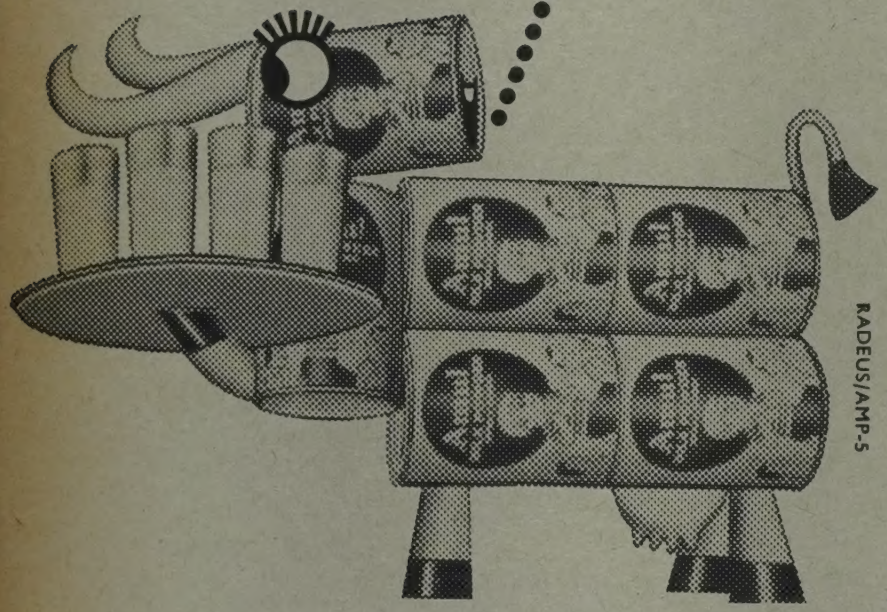

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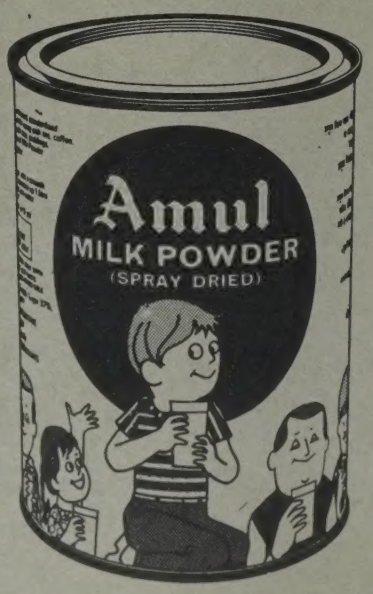

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WOMEN IN VIETNAM:
partners in nation building

Padma Ramachandran

At the invitation of the Women's Union of Vietnam, Soltan-Mohammadi, Deputy Director, Ambassador Rosalinda Santos of the Philippines, and I visited Vietnam in June 1979. We reached Hanoi on Friday, June 8, and were in Vietnam until next Saturday. Starting from seven o'clock in the morning of the day after we reached Hanoi, we had a tight programme, for everyone works hard in Vietnam and this is infectious.

"Everyone works hard in Vietnam and this is infectious."

A country of fifty million people, Vietnam is so strategically placed geographically, that it has had to suffer years of colonial dominance and war. In addition to an ideology which does not allow discrimination on grounds of class, creed or sex, prolonged war has been an important element in promoting equality in the roles and responsibilities of men and women. Men and women — and children too — are inured to patient toil. Throughout our stay, we did not find a single person — male or female — who was not doing something; everyone is busy all the time. Every morning there are streams of cycles with men and women going to work — each woman cyclist sports a typical, Vietnamese cone-shaped, stiff straw hat, while a man wears some cloth or other topee.

The main purpose of our visit was to study the work of the Women's Union of Vietnam. Our hosts and we felt that the best way of doing this was to understand the context, that is, the political, social and economic background, in which the Union functions. Our tour, therefore, included visits to an agriculture cooperative, a fine arts cooperative (what we call handicrafts cooperative) a secondary school for agriculture, an embroidery cooperative and discussions with the heads of provincial branches of the Women's Union and war victims.

We also saw a "mother and child care center," a nursery school, the Pioneers Club which promotes talents of gifted children, a "School for Tomorrow" which is an institution for rehabilitating "fallen" women, a drug addict reform center, a day-care center and an orphanage called "Young Buds School."

Our visit took us from Hanoi to the war-affected province of Ha Bac and Lang Son in the highlands in the north and to Ho Chi Minh City in the south. We could see the contrasts between northern and southern Vietnam and the magnitude of effort required to repair the ravages of war.

"We could see the contrasts between northern and southern Vietnam and the magnitude of effort required to repair the ravages of war."

The Tan-hong Agricultural Cooperative, which we visited in Ha Bac province, serves a village comprising five or six hamlets. It covers 1205 households with 6007 persons, of whom 2100 are in the work force. The area is densely populated with about 1300 persons per square kilometre. Agriculture is done on a collective basis — the land is collectively owned and cultivated except for the land around one's house — each person's output being measured in terms of points.

Out of the 501 hectares of land in the village, 381 hectares are used for agriculture. The yield of rice is about eight tonnes per hectare. In addition to rice cultivation, there are farms for pig rearing, poultry and fish-rearing. Each village has to fulfil its responsibility to the state by contributing a share of its produce according to its capacity.

The Tan-hong Cooperative contributed 110 tons of paddy, 45 tons of pork, five tons of fish and 965,000 eggs, 1.4 million bricks, 1.2 million tiles as annual agricultural taxes in the years 1966-1970. In order to fulfil the duty to the State, the agriculture cooperative equips itself with "technical bases."

The Tan-hong Co-op has irrigation canals, a transformer station, eight electric pumping stations, and nine gas pumps for irrigation. It also possesses 160 ploughs, 170 harrows, 10 tractors and rice huskers, a grinder, 12 rooms for processing of manure, 17 insecticide pumps and 5 brick kilns.

The agriculture cooperative also runs classes and kindergarten schools. It has a welfare budget for the sick, the old, invalids, and other helpless people.

"Men and women are not assigned different tasks. They work the same way and get paid the same rate."

Men and women are not assigned different tasks. They work the same way and get paid the same rate. The Tan-hong Cooperative is headed by a woman at the moment.

That Vietnamese national policies lead to a promotion of equality between men and women and removal of social barriers for women, was also clear from our visit to the Ha Bac Secondary School of Agriculture. The director of the school is a young woman agriculture "engineer" called Dua Thi Chan.

The courses in this school are of three years' duration and for admission one should have passed the seventh grade and be above seventeen years of age. The students spend 2½ years in the school and the rest of the time in the practice of agriculture. The school promotes experience in

The State Guest House in Hanoi where a discussion is being held with the President of the Vietnam Women's Union (3rd from left).

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WOMEN IN VIETNAM

the growing of nuts and apricots and in the rearing of fish and pigs for which they have ten hectares of land. The Ha Bac school, which was set up 18 years ago offers 13 courses. Of the 700 candidates in the school now, half are women.

We were told that there were several such schools throughout Vietnam. The school helped us to understand that girls take to agriculture courses as easily as boys and that they are helped both by their parents and by the State in this. The transfer of agricultural techniques and technology to women farmers is facilitated by more women extension workers. Measures to replace human power by machines are available equally and without the disadvantage of displacing women alone.

Our visits to the agriculture cooperative and the secondary school for agriculture helped us to understand that the role of women in agriculture is well appreciated in Vietnam. Women's participation in all the decision-making bodies of these institutions was evident and they are discharging their tasks just as well as men.

men to become good cadre workers in the villages. It is one of the responsibilities of the Women's Union to train women cadres and this school is run by the Union.

The girls are taught agricultural life and techniques like rice-planting, sericulture, and animal husbandry. They are trained to train women on how to meet their problems and to mobilize women to take an increasing part in national development. The girls also study the application of general science to housework and how to promote equality among couples by enabling husbands and wives to share roles and responsibilities. They are also given knowledge on hygiene and on upbringing of children, family planning as well as some general knowledge.

They study "agriculture technique" for two months, mobilization of women for two months, and get general education for four months coupled with a

that a woman's virtue is still highly valued. We also got a flavour of life in the villages and the enormous burdens shouldered by women during the war.

Midweek, we flew to Ho Chi Minh City in the south, which is very different from the North. The social consequences of neo colonialism are very evident in this part of the country. In addition to the war victims, there are those who became or had to become prostitutes, drug addicts and orphans. Their rehabilitation is attended to with dedication and with emphasis on the dignity of the individual.

The treatment is systematic — prostitutes and drug addicts pass through a stage in which they are given medical treatment. Later they are helped to become honest workers at some trade and to learn to live with dignity. Luckily, there is no problem of finding markets for what they produce, as they produce what the State wants for export purposes. The State plans the requirements for export.

The "dignity" approach starts with the way the school is named: "The School for Tomorrow." It is the future which is important and not the past. The saying displayed in the school is: "Tomorrow is the beginning of the rest of my life." Many of the girls have been successfully rehabiliated as nurses, housewives, cadre workers of the Invalids and Social Commission, etc. The school is not isolated and treated as something different. Members of the Women's Union visit the school frequently, talk to the girls about current affairs, have a programme of music or they tell a heroine's story.

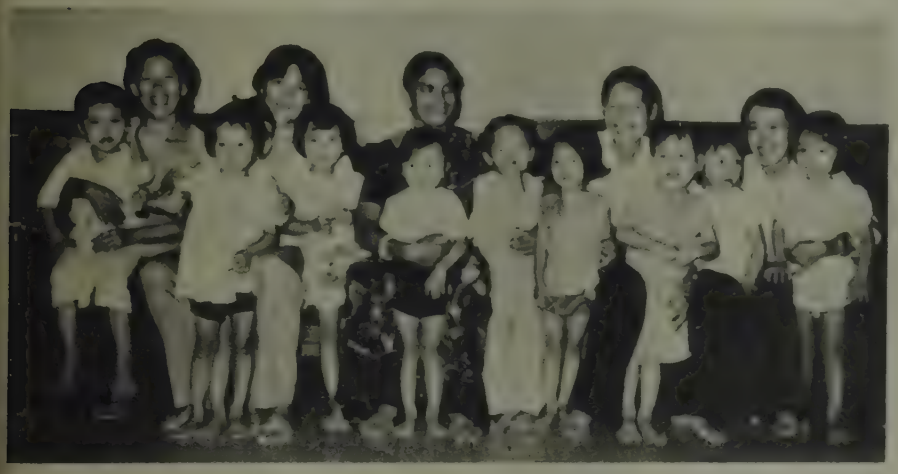
Everywhere, the objective is to make the handicapped individual feel important and conscious of how she can work towards self-reliance and what she can contribute to society. The Young Buds School which includes morning exercises, weaving, knitting, embroidery, carpet-making — anything which makes them learn a trade, so that love of work is imbibed from a very young age.

Wandering children are collected and brought to the school and families are encouraged to adopt children. Since liberation, more than 2000 have been adopted. The orphanage has white, yellow, brown and dark faces and speak of the tragedies and aftermaths of the war. We were told that there were six such orphanages in Ho Chi Minh City.

In a similar way, the School for Drug Addicts has a systematic approach to rehabilitation of the addicts through phases of medical treatment and adjustment to make them useful members of society.

The Women's Union cooperates actively in the running of these institutions, for it is the responsibility of the members of the Union to involve themselves in activities which makes for better Individuals.

The day and night creche for children from two to 48 months which we visited, was set up in September 1978. This caters to "working people" (note that it does not talk of "working mothers"). There are one or two creches in each of the eighteen districts of the city and accommodation is provided weekly, the



The Day Care Centre in Ho Chi Minh City, where children of working parents are looked after.

Standing outside the house of the oldest woman of the village who lost her son in the war.

In another mountain village to which we went in the same province, there are four agriculture cooperatives. This area consists of minority communities called Nung and Tai, and they are as much a part of the mainstream as others.

We visited a "mother and child care centre." The name is somewhat deceptive for it is a hospital-cum-research centre with family planning services, including 40 mobile teams. The maintenance of the hospital and premises is excellent and everyone is dedicated to fulfilling her duty.

One of the unusual institutions we went to was the "School for Girls," which trains young women in a month's practice of what they have learned. When we asked whether the school had any problems, we were told that the staff was inadequate as the needs of society required more efforts by women and many more such schools and much bigger schools. At the moment there is only one such school in the North and one in the South.

One of the interesting programmes we fitted in was to see a Vietnamese film with the heroine sitting with us in the audience. The movie, which was very well acted, was about a couple who lost each other during the war. (After seeing the film they later found each other in real life) From it, we could see

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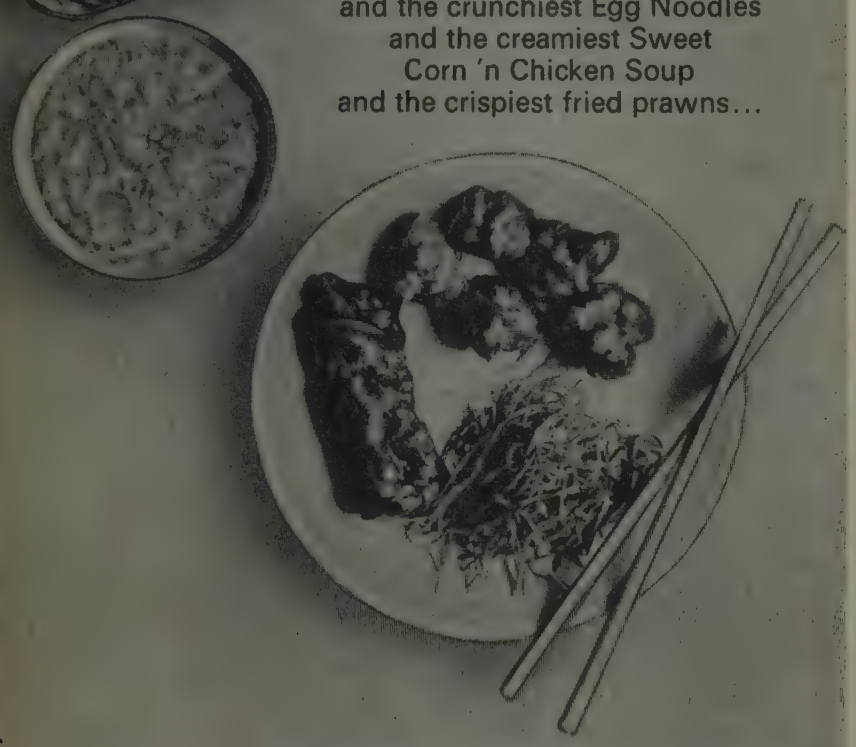

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WOMEN IN VIETNAM:

children being taken home by parents on Saturdays. Parents contribute for the food that the children eat but for the rest, the children are looked after free. The State also subsidises the expenditure on food.

A most interesting experience is provided by the Camtu Cooperative, consisting of 1000 members. This is a cooperative of embroiderers. The products are of excellent quality and design, intended for export. In every part of the city (quarter), there are courses of six months' duration to train talented women in embroidery.

Each workshop where the classes are given has about 100 members. It is divided into three teams, which in turn are divided into small groups to control each other. After passing an examination, one can become a member of the cooperative by putting in a sum of 10 dong (3 dong = 1 U.S.$). There is a Board of Management elected for each year and it has a Standing Committee to look after the day to day affairs.

The profits of the cooperative are reinvested in training new cadres and for welfare work. New designs are developed from time to time and estimates made of what can be produced. The cooperative supplies its embroidered material for sale by agreements with the Foreign Trade Department.

The movement for the equality of the sexes in Vietnam dates back to the beginnings of the Communist movement during colonial times.

Nguyen Ai Quoc (Ho Chi Minh's name prior to 1945), founder of the Indochinese Communist Party, made an appeal in 1930 as follows: "It is the Party of the proletariat: It will lead the working class in the struggle for the liberation of all our oppressed and exploited brothers and sisters. Join it and support it in order to:

* * *

10. Achieve equality between the sexes."

It was the first time in the history of the struggle for national independence that an appeal was addressed to women and dealt with the question of equality between the sexes.

The Party reiterated in its programme that "without the participation of the masses of women in the revolutionary struggles, the revolution will never succeed."

This was a completely new idea to many with rigid feudal attitudes. Intensive propaganda work among women was carried out. Among the "urgent tasks" in the Resolution of the March 1931 session was:

"1. Special attention to be paid to the organization of women workers.

The Party's basic political work concerning women is to be done among women workers. The tendency in the Association of Anti-Colonialist Women, the Alliance of Women to cut themselves off from women workers must be quickly corrected. The urgent task of the Party is to organize women workers in the Trade Unions, the women peasants in the Peasants' Association, and women small traders in the Union of Traders; that is, to organize the masses of women workers and poor women."

The principles of organization and the objectives of the movement remained basically the same, but the alteration of the forms of organization and action made it possible to attract steadily more women who found that the aims of the organization corresponded to their own aspirations.

The new rules enable the Association to draw even more women into the struggle to "rally all Vietnamese women patriots in defence of women's basic rights and, together with other organizations, prepare to fight the French colonialists and drive away the Japanese fascists, and found a completely independent Viet Nam." (Article 2 of the Rules of Association of Women for National Salvation).

"The Party reiterated in its programme that 'without the participation of the masses of women in the revolutionary struggles, the revolution will never succeed'."

THE LATE PRESIDENT HO CHI MINH ON EQUALITY BETWEEN THE SEXES:

"Many people think that the problem of equality between the sexes is a simple one. One day it is the husband who prepares the meals, does the washing up and sweeps the floor; and the next day the wife will sweep the floor, prepare the meals and do the washing up. And that is equality! A serious mistake!

"What equality really means is a thorough-going and difficult revolution, because contempt for women dates back thousands of years. It is deep-rooted in the thoughts and attitudes of everyone, in family life and in all social classes. It cannot be done away with by force...If this large-scale revolution is to be successful, progress will have to be made in every field — political, economic, cultural and legal. This revolution must involve heart-searching by each one of us and it must involve the whole people."

On the occasion of International Women's Day in 1952, President Ho Chi Minh wrote on equality between the sexes:

"Many people think that the problem of equality between the sexes is a simple one. One day it is the husband who prepares the meals, does the washing up and sweeps the floor; and the next day the wife will sweep the floor, prepare the meals and do the washing up. And that is equality! A serious mistake!

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This message has been translated into action by making men and women share the same roles and responsibilities and by looking after the special needs of women as women. It is the Women's Union of Vietnam that has played and is playing a vital part in achieving this objective of the state.

How seriously is the Women's Union taken, and what are the functions and responsibilities of the Women's Union?

"The Women's Union is a mass organization of and for women. It is not concerned merely with the welfare of women; it has the duty of protecting their rights and looking after them in every way... The Government decides on no policy without it being clear to them what implications it has for women. The President of the WU sits in on every cabinet meeting: she has the right to express the women's dimension in any proposal which comes before the meeting. She is a full-fledged member of the cabinet in regard to matters concerning women and children."

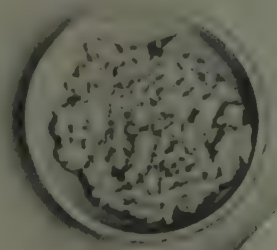
The Women's Union (WU) is a mass organization of and for women and there is no other. It is not concerned merely with the welfare of women, it has the duty of protecting their rights and looking after them in every way. The WU is given this responsibility by Government. The Government decides on no policy, without it being clear to them what implications it has for women.

To strengthen the trust that government places in the WU to look after the interests and rights of women and children, it allows the President of the WU to sit

Continued on page 49

Guess where you can get the crunchiest samosas...

...and fluffiest idlis
and softest gulab jamuns
and flakiest patties
and puffiest pakoras
and lightest omelettes...



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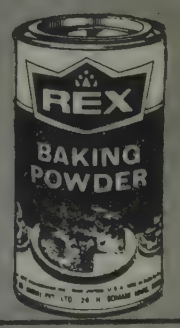

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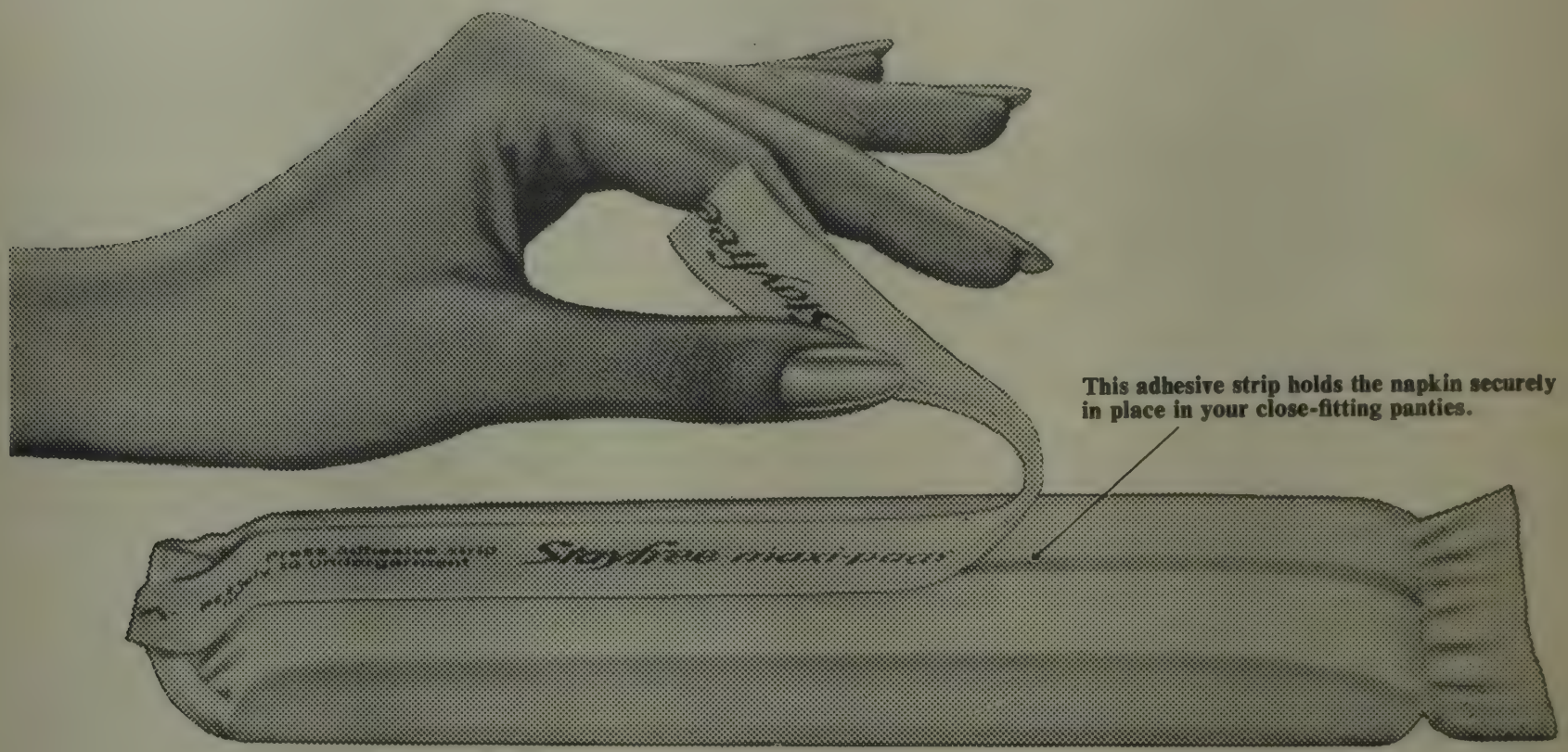

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it's not always smooth sail

Chaya Srivatsa

HOUSING HASSLES AND FREQUENT TRANSFERS ARE SOME OF THE ODDS THAT NAVAL WIVES FIGHT AGAINST TO KEEP THEIR CAREERS INTACT

Vivienne D'Souza

Elizabeth Cherian

"Lucky you," sighed my friend, married to a businessman, "You can see so many places, have a lot of parties, play mahjong and cards, gossip during coffee sessions and strut proudly beside a hubby who looks dashing in his dazzling white uniform. It must be fun being married to a Naval Officer!"

I politely acquiesced and tried to look suitably smug about my good fortune. It was too pleasant a morning to shatter the dear lady's illusions. With another envious sigh she left and I sat and mulled over what she had said.

Sure, it's fun being a Naval wife. Ever since the prim and proper heroines of Jane Austen swooned over red coats, the serviceman has held a fascination for the gypsy in a woman. Men in uniform are the legendary lady killers, particularly so the sailor boy, who, contrary to accepted physiology leaves behind a heart in every port.

The "dazzling white uniform" swept me off my feet till I came down to earth with a thud when I had to battle with soap suds to keep it so!

There are many factors which contribute to the "fun" of being

Niloufer Bhagawat

Vijaya Mohan Ram

Mary Stanley John

a naval wife, but, the ones listed by my friend are mythical. We do get to see places but more often the same ones. Parties are becoming rarer thanks to the purse strings being pulled tighter. Mahjong went out in the sixties, and cards and coffee mornings are indulged in by a negligible few.

Life in the navy is pretty much the same as in the other two services, viz. Air Force and the Army. But being a comparatively smaller force, we are more Informal, rather like a large joint family with everyone having met at some time or the other. The places of posting are few and separation is not much unless it's a ship appointment, because all naval stations are family stations.

One of the biggest problems, however, is that of housing. The wait is long before one can walk into one's allotted flat, but no one is left homeless because "sharing" is a common feature and those who go on leave, generously allow the less fortunate ones the use of their house. Loneliness is a word alien to Naval wives.

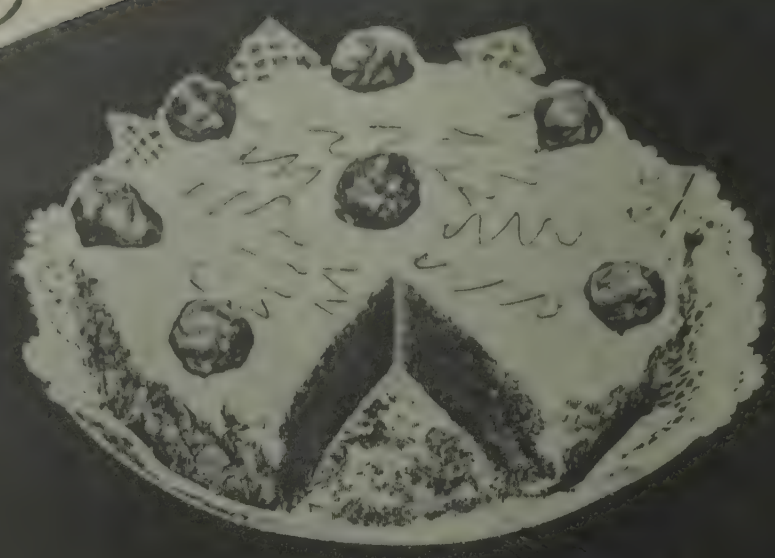
For a happy-go-lucky, take-life-as-it-comes Naval wife, life is pretty smooth sailing. It tends to get a bit rough for the career inclined ones. The frequent transfers and the housing hassle are not too conducive to those who would like to step up the ladder of success in a particular field. In professions where continuity in service is important for promotion, the naval wife sadly loses. Despite these odds however, there are some wives who have managed to keep their careers intact.

Barbara Ghosh

Mary Stanley John is the manager of the Sion branch of the State Bank of Hyderabad. She joined as a probationary officer in 1968 and had to set up house in that city, where she was posted, with her only daughter and mother-in-law. Her husband was based in Cochin.

"We visited each other during his leave or my leave," she said. "We spent four years this way. During this time, he went to Russia on an assignment. Joining him meant giving up my job. This was a difficult decision to make, but we both felt that I should stay back and continue. When he came back from Russia he was posted to Visakhapatnam and I managed a request transfer there. In 1977, I became the manager of that branch and in the same year, my husband had his marching orders to a Bombay based ship.

Tempting Offer!



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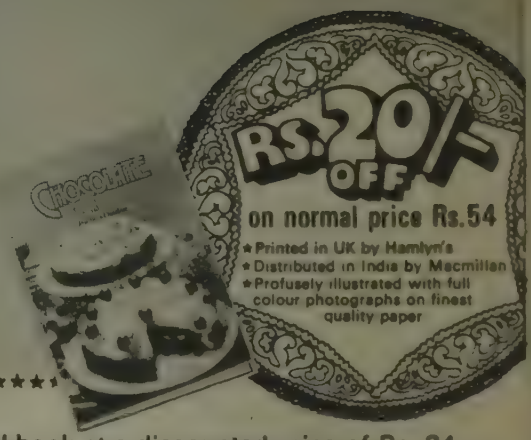
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IT'S NOT ALWAYS SMOOTH SAILING!

"Once again we set up two establishments. By the time we could get a house, secure admission for our daughter in a school, and persuade my bosses to transfer me, it was more than a year. In '78 I came to Bombay as manager of the Sion branch. "It's about a year and a half since I've been in this chair, and as per banks rules, I must stand by for a transfer on completion of three years. My husband is likely to stay in Bombay longer. It's going to be difficult once again. But we've decided to rough it out. At this stage, I can't think of giving up my career and staying at home." She enjoys her job and feels that her Master's degree in social work has come in handy in making a success of her job, because, she said, "Banking is taking on a totally different social character and its no more a money lending or safe-keeping business. It is oriented towards the amelioration of the lot of the economically and socially underprivileged."

Vijaya Mohan Ram is appellate Assistant Commissioner in the Income-Tax office, Bombay. "I chose income-tax because unlike other government departments, this branch has posts in all the major cities," Vijaya said. "Right from my student days, I was keen on joining government service. When my husband was sent for an 11-month training to England, I decided to appear for the competitive examination for the Indian Revenue Service. Except for the brief period when I was training at Mussorie and Nagpur, my career has not come in the way of our family life. When my husband was posted in Delhi so was I, when he shifted to Bombay, I got a transfer, too. In the revenue service, they are particularly understanding and try to accommodate the requirements of the staff." Vijaya Mohan Ram was one of the two Indians selected for an year's course at Woodrow Wilson School under the Albert Parvin Foundation. She firmly believes that for a steady career, there is nothing so good as a government job, which generally can be combined successfully with the vagaries of husbands' transfers!

Another person who has benefited by opting for a government job is Barbara Ghosh. She has the distinction of being the first lady Commander in the Indian Navy and also the first lady paediatrician in all three services. Married in '67 to a Naval doctor, Barbara has done most of her tenures in the same place where her husband was posted. "This is an unwritten understanding in the Service, and transfer of a husband and wife doctor team is usually planned to the same place."

"To continue in a profession and reach the top one has to be prepared for periods of separation from one's husband," declared Niloufer Bhagawat. With the courage of this coviction, Niloufer has made it, and is today one of the leading practising advocates in Bombay and also a lecturer in the Siddarth College of Law. "I had always wanted to combine the professional and academic aspects of law and was also convinced that Bombay is the best place to pursue both, mainly because my husband, a Naval officer, was likely to be posted in Bombay oftener than in other places. With this in view, we pooled in all our resources and went in for a flat. I practise here now, and my husband is transferred to Delhi. It is awful being away from each other, but we believe that it's not the length of time that one spends together that counts, but the quality! My husband believes that a career is as important to a woman as it is to a man and if one has a lucrative and satisfying profession, one has to nurture it."

Niloufer started her legal profession in the chambers of Mr. Rajni Patel, she then did her Master's in law and took up teaching, along with her practice. In '75 she addressed the plenary session of the International Association of Democratic Lawyers at Algiers and in the same year read a paper in Moscow on the status of women.

"For those with a spirit of adventure Naval life affords ample opportunities to discover fresh pastures," said Vivienne D'Souza, who is Assistant Manager, Publicity and Advertising, Oberoi Towers. With a Master's in Business Administration, Vivienne was a lecturer in Management Development of Leadership training in Oberoi Hotel in Delhi.

"I met Ray in Delhi and we decided to marry. Being a service officer's daughter myself I was fully aware of the transfers in store and was prepared to put my career second. When my husband was transferred to Bombay, I joined him because I had to give up my job due to the coming of our child. In Bombay I was lucky to get this appointment," recalled Vivienne. "Except in the academic field or in professions like doctors or engineers, transfers can be a blessing in disguise, because every new place means fresh opportunities and these days industries and business houses encourage new and talented recruits. At one time being a Naval wife was a disqualification because of the transfers, but now they realize that Naval wives can be an asset because of their adaptability, social graces and maturity," confirmed Vivienne.

The most popular profession amongst Naval wives is that of teaching. With schools springing up like mushrooms all around, trained teachers are always in demand. The holidays are an added attraction. Most wives are going in for Teachers's Training and the schools welcome Naval wives. "Provided you assure them of your continuing till the end of the academic year," said Elizabeth Cherian, who teaches French in the Cathedral School in Bombay. "This is my fourth school. I have been teaching for the last 12 years, but I've only tried for jobs to suit my convenience. I've never tried to get a job where I've had to stay back when my husband's transfer came. To me, teaching is a hobby, I love it because it is mentally stimulating to be among the younger generation. I treat it as a give and take arrangement where I impart the knowledge I have imbibed and draw my inspiration from the students. It's not a profession but a pleasurable experience for me," said Elizabeth.

The present social and economic set-up has made the working housewife a permanent feature of our society. The dual role of the Indian woman as housewife and career woman gives rise to the same problems, whosoever's wife she may be, but for the wife of a nomadic Naval officer, they are a little more difficult.

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LIBRARIES ON WHEELS

Dr. T. A. Koshy

High noon in midsummer in a village a few kilometres out of Lucknow. No movement anywhere, not a breath of air stirs. The jeep from the city drives up and stops under a peepul tree, raising a cloud of dust in the process.

A group of village children gather round the vehicle. They have come out of their huts to see who the visitors are. Faintly, in the distance, a bell rings. It grows louder, and soon a man on a bicycle is seen riding towards the village.

This is the bell-bicycle librarian of Literacy House on his rounds. In the tin trunk strapped to his carrier are about 100 booklets of specially prepared reading material for neoliterates, both grown-ups and children.

These librarians on wheels visit remote villages in Lucknow district whose inhabitants do not regularly attend the markets served by larger mobile library units. They play an important role in the functional literacy scheme which enables adult neoliterates to put their reading and writing skills to purposeful use.

The librarian carried his loaded trunk to a charpoy which stood under the peepul tree and opened it. Both children and adults thrust their hands into it and selected titles to borrow. The librarian entered their names in an exercise book.

The simple tin-trunk libraries Literacy House introduced in the 1960s, form the nucleus of a larger library serving Lucknow district and providing a model for similar facilities in other parts of India. Literacy House now runs six types of library services. They are :

1) Market mobile librarles. collections of 400 volumes each, exhibited at different villages on market days and lent to hundreds of farm folk from the surrounding areas.

2) Halting mobile libraries, offshoots of the market libraries which halt briefly at villages to lend books on the way to and from markets.

3) Bell bicycle librarles.

4) Workers' mobile libraries, containing about 1,000 books each, to serve the industrial labour colonies of Kanpur.

5) District deposit library centres, through which local institutions provide bicycle library services to a cluster of villages.

6) Library kits for literacy classes, each class receiving 50 supplementary graded booklets.

Over and above this network. Literacy House has a library on its campus to serve the needs of its staff. This has a collection, running into several thousands, of books and periodicals dealing mainly with literacy and allied subjects.

The campus library helps the literacy movement in India as

Continued on page 61

Grown-ups and children cluster around as a mobile librarian with a tin trunk of books calls at a village.

BELOW: The main entrance of Literacy House with murals showing lessons in the rudiments of language.

FOR MANY PEOPLE IN SMALL VILLAGES, THESE "TIN TRUNK LIBRARIES" PROVIDE A VALUABLE SERVICE, FOR THEY ARE THEIR ONLY ACCESS TO READING MATTER OF ANY KIND

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POUCH

Materials: 2 pieces of green felt 17 cms. x 17 cms. 10 grams wool in contrasting colour, 2 cms. 4 cms. piece of felt in same colour, circular felt piece in red for the face 6 cms. in diameter, strands of white wool for hair, piece of white felt for lips and eyeballs, small bit of black felt for eyelids, 12 cms. x 12 cms. red and white dotted cotton material for the band.

Method: Cut the green pieces of felt in circular shapes. Cut white felt for lips and eyeballs as shown. Stitch them in place on the circular felt piece. Cut eyelids in shape and fix over the eyeballs. Stitch the face in the centre of the main green piece. Cut 20 strands of white wool 10 cms. long, and tie them in the centre. Stitch this centre to the centre of the face on top and fix the wool as hair. Cut the contrasting colour felt piece in the shape of a bow and stitch it at the neck edge as shown. Stitch a piece of green felt piece in the centre of the bow vertically 1½ cms. x 1 cm. Cut the dotted piece into half and stitch it on the 2 upper straight sides of the pouch. Fold and hem this to form the band. Keep the 2 pieces of felt together and with buttonhole stitch, stitch all around the circular piece. Cut wool in contrasting colour into 7 cms. long strands. Take 5 of them and make tassels. Secure all along the buttonhole stitch edge at a distance of 3 cms. Make 2 cords 60 cms. long and pass both through the upper band.

Kalpana Jariwala

KEY CHAIN WITH STRAWBERRY MOTIF

Materials: 2 pieces green felt 6 cms. x 6 cms., small piece of red and white dotted material, strands of brown wool, little cotton wool for stuffing, a ring for keys and Fevicol.

Method: Cut the 2 green felt pieces hexagonally using pinking

Continued on page 51

Items made at Gulistan Finishing School and Domestic Science Institute, Bombay

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

JAIL

Premchand

(Translated from the Hindi by NANDINI NOPANY and P. LAL)

WHEN Mridula returned to the women's ward after the court sitting, her face was lit up — the prospects of acquittal appeared to be bright. A knot of political prisoners cornered her, asking, "How long?"

Mridula replied confidently, "I didn't mince my words, I said it out straight: 'You're the judge, you decide.' I told him: 'I stopped no one, I pushed no one, I coerced no one, I wasn't involved in the dharna. Yes, I was standing in front of the shop. Some volunteers had been arrested there. A crowd collected. I stood and watched.' And I get arrested for that!"

Kshama Devi, who knew a bit of law, said, "The magistrate will go by the police evidence. I've seen hundreds of these cases — and I know what happens."

"I gave the police something to think about," replied Mridula. "I wanted no part in the investigation, but I couldn't help myself when I heard their witnesses repeating lie after lie. I started cross-questioning them. Did they think me a fool or what? I too know a bit of law. The police thought I'd keep mum, and they'd get away faking the evidence. But my cross-questioning made them sit up.

"I proved all three witnesses liars. Believe me, I didn't like doing it. The magistrate rebuked the Inspector a couple of times when he gave wild answers to my questions. He said, 'Stick to the point.' And the Inspector's face fell. I can tell you — I silenced them all. He hasn't given his decision yet, but I know I'm going to be acquitted. I'm not afraid of jail, but I don't like anyone making a fool of me. The secretary, and the other women who were present there — all were sure I'd be acquitted."

Looking spitefully at her, all the women prisoners, except Kshamadevi, left. Some were undergoing a year's jail term, some six months. They had never dared speak out in court. To do that was sinful! By her cross-questioning Mridula had demeaned herself. In their eyes, a jail sentence might have made her behaviour excusable, but acquittal rendered even repentance out of the question.

From a distance one of the women said, "Nice and cozy way of getting free! We could have done the same, but we became martyrs at the altar of bureaucratic injustice."

Another said, "It's like falling at their feet and begging for mercy. What did she go to the shop for if it wasn't to join the dharna? She gets the volunteers arrested — and herself is free as a bird. And now what do you know. She pretends she is all innocent! Not a shred of self-respect!"

A third sneered, "It takes courage to go to jail. She eagerly accepted the praise then — and now it's all snivelling and whimpering! Such women should have no part in national movements — they bring a bad name on all of us."

Kshamadevi, lost in thought, stood near Mridula. A seditious speech had got her a year's sentence; she had been transferred here only a month ago from another district jail, with another eight months to serve. She found it difficult to get on with the 15 other prisoners. She disliked their petty squabbles, she disliked flattering the lady wardens for some extra make-up paraphernalia, she disliked showing any eagerness to meet her family members. Malice and rumours were part of the jail's atmosphere. The inmates lacked the self-respect which she thought was essential to a political prisoner. She stayed aloof from them. Her national fervour had no parallel; she was steeped in patriotism. The others felt that she thought no end of herself, and countered her indifference to them with equal indifference.

Mridula had been in custody for eight days. In that short time she developed a special fondness for Kshamadevi. She was devoid of meanness or jealousy, she disliked running down others, she had no passion for dolling herself up. And no interest in flippant crudities. Compassion, service, patriotism — only these mattered to her.

Kshama had hoped to pass a pleasant six months in Mridula's company. No such luck. She was being released the next day. There was none other with whom she could discuss her problems, or the nation's — they were all such a conceited lot.

Mridula said, "Sister, you still have eight months to go, no?"

Kshama replied regretfully, "They'll pass somehow or other, but I won't easily forget you. We've really come close to each other in the past week, haven't we? Jail hasn't been jail since you've come here. Keep in touch, won't you?"

Mridula noticed Kshama's eyes were moist, and replied reassuringly, "Of course I will, sister. It won't be easy for me either to be away from you. I'll bring Bhan along, too. 'Your aunt's here,' I'll tell him. 'Let's go visit her.' Oh, he'll come running. I can tell you this, sister, the only one I mised was Bhan. He must have missed me too. 'Where did you go? Why did you leave me? Won't speak to you, go'way!' He's quite a brat, sister, not still for one second. First thing in the morning he's singing away 'Fly high my country's flag!' 'In the depth of my heart is the temple of Swaraj.' Then placing a flag on his shoulders he

shouts, 'Down with dlinking!' — he looks so sweet.

"His father works in an English firm and wants to resign. But I don't let him. One has to be practical, you know. I have to make both ends meet. He'd resign the next day if it wasn't for me — I'm the one who keeps a cool head. I wonder how he manages these days, what with office and looking after Bhan.

"Bhan doesn't like going to my mother-in-law. Ammaji is an old lady and she really can't manage him. She wants to cuddle and spoil him and he just doesn't like it at all. What worries me is that she is upset with me. She hasn't once come to see me. Yesterday in court my father-in-law told me that she is very angry. She hasn't eaten for three days. 'This wretch of a girl has ruined the family honour, blackened our family name, brought ill-luck on us, the fool!'

"God knows what else she said. I don't mind, she's one of the old-fashioned types. You can't expect her to become like one of us. I'll have to go and fawn and flatter her. Take my word for it, there'll be a **katha** session tomorrow — feeding of Brahmins and the usual get-together. She has to wash off my prison sins, you know. Do come and stay with us a couple of days then — I'll arrange the parole."

"FIFTY THOUSAND OF US ASSEMBLED IN THE EVENING. I WAS CHOSEN LEADER FOR THE DAY. I EXPERIENCED A STRENGTH I NEVER SUSPECTED I POSSESSED."

Kshama is alone, a widow, and so knows nothing of these domestic delights. She lost both husband and son in the Jalianwala Bagh massacre. She has no one now she can call her own. She lacks the large heart to make all mankind her family. For over ten years she tried to bring peace to her troubled heart by selflessly serving the nation. She dedicated her life to root out the causes which reduced her to such a pitiable condition. Having already made the major part of her sacrifice, all that she had left to offer in the sacred fire of patriotism was the intensity of her devotion to her motherland.

For others, love of country is a noble pursuit or a search for fame, for Kshama it turned into a religion and she focused her entire feminine strength and faith on that objective. Even the freest of sky-ranging birds has a nest to return to, but Kshama had none. On occasions when this homelessness produced in her a pronounced anguish, Mridula's presence had a soothing influence on her. But even this was being withdrawn from her now.

In a choking voice Kshama said, "You will forget me soon, Mridula. For you it's only a brief encounter, two trains passing in the night. If we meet somewhere again, will you recognize me or turn away with a polite smile and a namaste? That's the way of the world. Who cares for others' problems when there are so many of one's own? You meant a great deal to me, Mridula. Do think of me sometimes — even that little will sustain me — beggars can't be choosers."

Mridula was acquitted the next day. After a tearful farewell, she went away in the evening, with her heart heavy, almost as if leaving her parents and going to her in-laws.

Three months passed — not a sign of Mridula. The others had visitors, received food gifts and other presents — but nothing for Kshama.. From early morning of the last Sunday of each month Kshama would wait expectantly for Mridula. And when the visiting hour passed she would whisper sadly to herself, "That's the way the world is."

Rising from her evening puja one day, Kshama saw Mridula coming towards her — dull-looking, lustreless. They embraced and Kshama said, "What have you done to yourself, Mridula? You look so changed! Have you been ill?"

Mridula burst into tears. "No, not ill, sister — just so many problems. But I'm free from worries now and I've come to make up for my negligence."

Kshama was troubled deeply. A wave of fear rose within her and she saw her own past life bobbing like a frail boat on it. "Is everything really all right? You didn't have to come, it's only three months."

With a sad smile Mridula replied, "Yes, everything's all right. No worries at all. I can spend the rest of my days here now. At last I have realised how much affection you have for me."

Mournfully she continued, "You don't get all the news here. Two days ago there was police firing in the village. They are collecting taxes with the help of bayonets these days. But how can farmers pay tax when they haven't any money? Grain prices are falling every day. You can get a maund of wheat for a rupee and twelve annas. My mother-in-law says that wheat prices never fell so low in all her lifetime. The income from the harvest isn't enough to cover even the seed cost, not to talk of labour and irrigation. And believe it or not the Government has ordered the use of force to realise the tax.

"The farmers are prepared to mortgage their huts and sell their property, but all the officials care about is showing their authority. Even if they grind the farmers to powder the Government isn't going to say a thing. In fact, it encourages oppression. Tax — that's all it wants. Live or die, who cares?

"Most of the Zamindars are so afraid that they refuse to collect the tax, so the police are sent to help them out. The whole of Bhairongunj district has been simply looted. Dying men have no choice, they are abandoning their villages wholesale. Some constables started beating up a farmer in his own hut. Unable to control herself, his ill-fated wife lashed out at them. What can I say? Then and there one of the constables stripped her naked.

"Sister, I can't tell you how ashamed I am—our **own** people behaving like animals. It's unbelievable. The farmer went wild. These poor people work so hard; they don't even get a full meal every day; they are so dispirited and listless but they're still men. He was lying there beaten half-conscious. Roused by his wife's screams he sprang up and knocked the constable down. They began grappling. A mere farmer misbehaving like this with a constable. You can't expect the police to take that lying down. They rushed on him, beat the poor man to death."

Kshama asked, "Are you telling me that the other villagers stood by and watched the fun?"

Mridula continued in a shrill voice, "Sister, we poor folk are done for either way. Whenever a handful of us get together the police declare us hostile. There is a lathi-charge, and if any of us retaliate by hurling a stray stone they start firing. A few get wounded, the others disperse. But when this farmer died, they got really worked up! They ran out with lathis and surrounded the constables. I think a couple of them used their lathis too. Some constables were hurt, and beat the poor man to death," and then they resorted to firing. Twelve villagers were shot dead and many were badly injured.

"Small men abusing the big powers they have. They massa-

Continued on page 29

VIMAL
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JAIL

Continued from page 25

cred half the village and left flushed with victory. Who listens to villagers' complaints? They are poor, humble, infirm — so kill as many as you like. They can expect nothing from courts and magistrates. After all, wasn't it the Government itself that sent these constables to deal with farmers?

"The people appealed to the neighbouring villagers for help. When all is lost, at least sympathy is so welcome, soothing. The police wouldn't even allow that — they cordoned the village. Rubbing salt on the wound — this was the last straw! Beat up a person, and when he cries, beat him some more! So all they could do was carry the corpses for cremation. News of this had already spread like wildfire in our town. The refusal of the police to allow a procession to be taken out infuriated the already tense crowd. A mob gathered.

"I cautioned my father-in-law, 'It's a nasty mob, please don't go!' And he replied, 'Don't worry, I won't take any risks.' When the bier was lifted, fifty thousand people formed the procession. A five-hundred strong armed contingent, consisting of mounted police, constables and sergeants, blocked their way. Such cowards, brandishing their guns in front of the unarmed crowd — without a twinge of conscience!

"When repeated warnings failed to disperse the crowd, firing was ordered, which continued for over an hour. Who knows how many died, how many were wounded? My house fronts the street; I stood on the balcony, apprehensive, both my hands on my heart in a vain attempt to check my trembling.

"With the first volley thousands panicked and fled. It's all so vivid even now. So terrifying, so hair-raising, so shameful. You could see the fear in their eyes. But there was a hard core of committed heroes, who stood firm as a rock, facing the hail of bullets and not retreating an inch. Above the indiscriminate noise of the firing rose the loud concerted sky-shattering victory slogans of these brave fighters. So exciting, so inspiring! I wanted to rush out and face the bullets — I **wanted** to — I wanted to die happy and smiling. Death seemed so easy and simple then.

"Ammaji was inside with Bhan — she kept calling me to come in. I didn't. So she came to the balcony with the boy. Right then I saw a dozen men come to our front door with a stretcher on which lay my husband's dead body. Ammaji saw him. Oh yes, she guessed. I felt faint. She glanced at her son, embraced him, kissed him, blessed him and in a daze wandered out into the main road where shouts of victory could still be heard. I kept staring stupidly, now at my husband, now at her stock-still, without a word, without a tear. I felt nothing. Completely numb."

Kshama asked, "You mean your mother-in-law went to the site of the firing?"

Mridula replied, "Strangely enough, she did, sister. She was the one who used to put her hands to her ears the moment she heard gunshots. The sight of blood would make her swoon. But now she pushed through the ranks of the brave satyagrahis to the front, she was instantly shot down. That broke the crowd's patience, that shattered their vow of non-violence. A blind rage possessed them. Though unarmed, they actually counter-attacked. Seeing the tidal wave approach, the sepoys fled, firing wildly. Bhan was standing on the balcony, a chance bullet hit him in the chest.

"My little darling fell dead in front of my eyes, but still no tears came. I took him on my lap; blood was gushing from his chest. Sister, it was as if he was returning all the mother's milk I'd given him. I was drenched red; I was hysterical. I pictured myself dressed in gorgeous red silk on his wedding day. Boyhood, youth, old age — all over in one flash. I placed him on top of his father. By this time a few volunteers had brought Ammaji's body too. Straight and still, with a faint smile on her lips. To think that she stopped me, and herself gladly faced death as if it was a road to heaven! She lived for her son: how could she let him go alone?

"The sight of the three bodies laid on the pyre by the riverside snapped me out of my daze. For an instant I felt an urge to be with them, to go with my family and be in the presence of God in heaven. Then it occurred to me. What had I done to deserve such a heroic end? Believe me, sister, as the flames licked the pyre I **saw** Ammaji with Bhan in her lap smiling at me and my husband beside her inspiring me, 'Be brave. Go and do your duty.' His face dazzled. It's true, sister, isn't it, that God dwells in fire and in the blood of martyrs?

"I lifted my head. I saw countless pyres ablaze along the river bank. It was a fire-festival lit by the gods in which simmered the auspicious future of India.

"Soon all was ashes. Then we returned. But I hadn't the courage to go home. Home wasn't home any more. My home is now wherever I am, or it's the funeral pyre. I went straight to the Mahila Ashram. There was nothing left of the Congress Committes after yesterday's firing. The party was declared unlawful. The police raided and locked the office premises. They searched and locked the Mahila Ashram as well. So we made a makeshift office under the shade of a tree and briskly went about

our business. No doors to be locked up here. We were free, free as the wind.

"We decided to take out a procession in the evening — it was imperative to do so in order to commemorate yesterday's bloodshed. There are always those who don't see the point in taking out processions. The point is we are alive, and we haven't given up. We prove we have a spirit that can't be crushed. We show that we are not afraid of bullets and barbarity, that we will destroy any system based on selfishness and violence.

"The police thought it a sufficient show of authority to stop our procession. You know, sister, we got the wrong impression that yesterday's atrocity had stirred their conscience. But no, they didn't feel guilty, they were out to get us. Our likes and dislikes were irrelevant. They issued a ban order with the warning that any further action would lead to serious consequences. But what we did — that really taught them a lesson. Fifty thousand of us assembled in the evening. I was chosen leader for the day. I experienced a strange elation, a strength I never suspected I possessed.

"Imagine me, a weak zero of a woman, with no experience of the world, me, who set foot outside my home so rarely. But through the life-sacrifice of my loved ones I have found something which no officers or even maharajas ever possess — power over the heart of so many people. The police are only mercenaries — they have to live too, so they do what they do, and are feared.

"A maharaja is obeyed out of fear or desire for profit. But what profit could they expect from me, what fear could I instil in them? And think of it, sister, they were ready to follow me to death. I became a symbol of justice, dignity for them. Their passion for freedom, their struggle to break the fetters of slavery — that's what I stood for!

"The procession had hardly started when the police produced a warrant for my arrest. The warrant made me think of you. There was a time you needed me and my sympathy. Now, sister, I need you. But now I'm not weak any more. No worries. Prison sentences don't frighten me — I welcome them. Police insult and injustice — I welcome that too. I know that whatever I can do outside jail, I can do equally well inside jail. Outside you make mistakes, you stray, you compromise principles, there's jealousy, there's friction. Inside is a clear line of morality which no devil inside you can cross. The wind steals the heat from a blazing fire in an open field; but inside a boiler the same fire becomes a concentrated source of energy."

By this time the other women had started gathering. Mridula embraced them one by one. Shouts of "Bharat Mata Ki Jai!" "Victory to Mother India!" pierced through the doors and reached the sky.

Rediffusion/K/1002

CUDDLY DOGGIE

A FASCINATING PLAYMATE FOR A LITTLE ONE

MATERIALS:

½ metre black towelling material

3 cms. x 3 cms. black and white felt pieces for eyes
2 cms. x 2 cms. red felt piece for the tongue

Cottonwool

Black thread

INSTRUCTIONS:

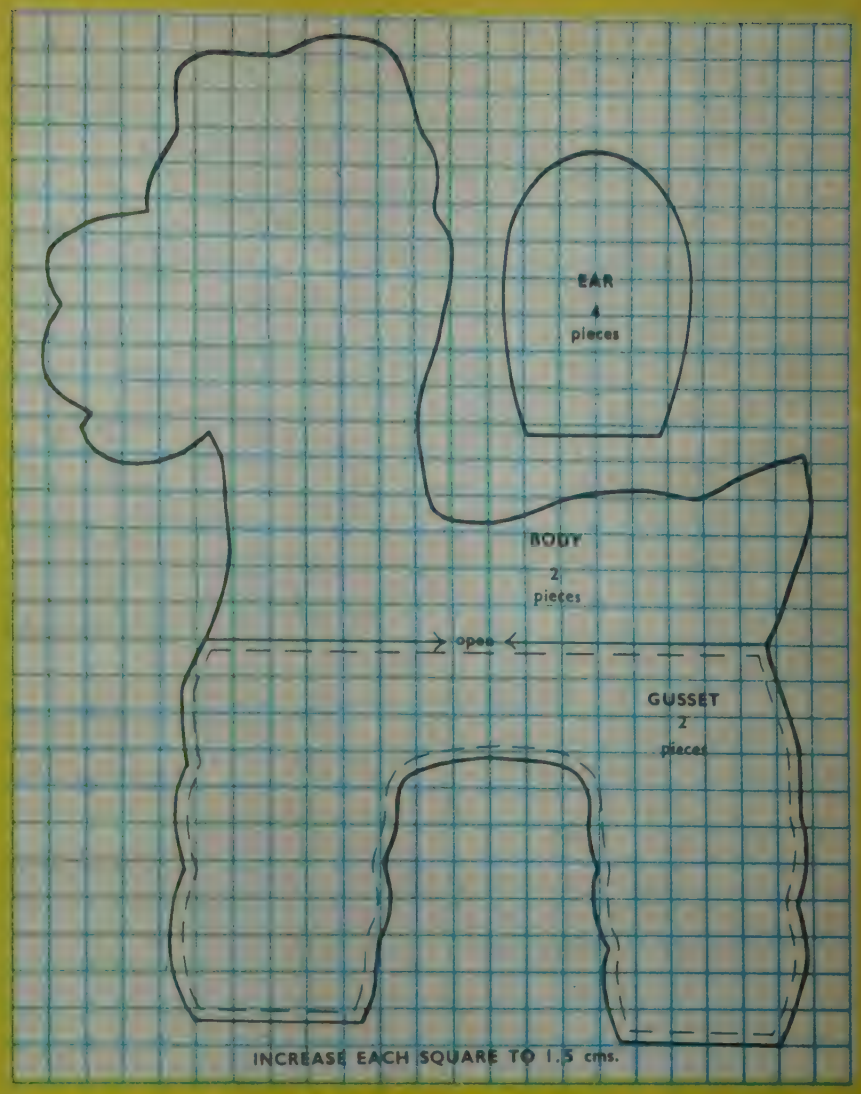
Enlarge the given shapes by increasing the squares to 1.5 cms. From the towelling material cut 2 body pieces, 2 gussets (marked in dotted line) and 4 ear pieces. Machine on the wrong side the gusset to the body piece leaving centre open. Do the same with the other gusset. Now machine together the two body pieces on all sides. Turn inside out. Through the opening in the centre, stuff cottonwool evenly and firmly. When complete sew the opening with invisible stitches.

Machine 2 ear pieces on the wrong side leaving the base open. Turn inside out. Do the same with the other ear pieces. Stitch the ears in position with invisible stitches.

From the black and white felt pieces cut out 4 circular pieces for the eyes — 2 from white and 2 smaller ones from black felt. Stick them in place with an adhesive. Cut out an oval piece from the red felt to form the tongue and fix in position. Using black thread embroider the nose in satin stitches.

Stitch a coat for the dog in felt or any other material you fancy.

J. Dalal



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BEAUTY BULLETIN

CLOGGED EYELASHES

I use mascara daily as my eyelashes are very skimpy. Very often the mascara gets clogged. What should I do?

My friend has an oily skin and she has been advised to use an astringent. What is it?

J. B. (Hyderabad)

You should remove the mascara very gently. If you are rough with your eyelashes they will start falling. Soak cottonwool in cleansing milk and separate the clogged eyelashes — this will also clean them.

Astringent is good for treating oily skin. It is a cooling and drying lotion that smoothens the surface of the skin by contracting the pores and decreasing the flow of the natural oils. But the effect is temporary.

Lemon is a good astringent. Cut a lemon in half and rub gently on the skin. Leave the juice on for a few minutes. When dry, rinse off.

ROUGH HANDS

My hands have become rough and I want to make them smooth. What should I do? Can you tell me how to make a hand lotion at home.

E.V.T. (Chandigarh)

You should avoid excessive soaping, vigorous scrubbing, doing rough work and washing your hands too often. Wear gloves when doing rough household chores or gardening.

SOFTER HANDS

After washing your hands dry them well and rub a hand lotion over them. Keep this handy near the kitchen sink and in the bathroom. Use a hand lotion, rubbing it all over your hands and palms well, every night before going to bed. This will help soften them.

Glycerine mixed with lime juice or rose water makes an effective hand lotion. You can also rub a cooked potato over your hands to make them smooth.

TO FIRM THIGHS

I am very fond of swimming and go for swimming daily. Of late I have noticed that the inner and outer muscles of my thighs have started sagging. I have a good figure otherwise and feel very conscious of this. Please suggest some exercises to solve my problem.

M.W. (Bombay)

Given here are two exercises to firm and shape thighs, but you must be consistent in your routine and do these daily for a few months.

1. Sit on the floor, back absolutely straight, arms extended at sides, hands off floor. Lift the left leg up and cross it over the right leg. Then lift leg and lower it to the floor. Repeat with the right leg. Do 10 times.

2. Deep knee bends will also firm your thighs and strengthen the muscles. Stand with feet together arms at sides. Rise up on toes, then lower slowly to a complete knee bend, sitting on your heels. Extend arms in front for extra balance. Repeat 10 times

HEAVY BUSTLINE

I am 19 and have a heavy bustline which makes me very self conscious. Any remedy to reduce it?

K. J. (Delhi)

Do you slouch in an attempt to conceal your heavy bustline? If so, you should try to improve your posture so that you appear taller — this will also seemingly minimize the size of your breasts.

Try to shed weight by dieting. Cut down on starchy food, nuts, sweets, chocolates and butter. Regular massage will also help to reduce your breasts. Massage below the breasts with a pinching motion. You should continue this for three months for visible results. Remember that a consistent routine is necessary.

To take off the extra weight, try this exercise. Sit on the floor and clasp hands behind your back thrusting chest forward. Hold for a count of six then relax for a count of six. Repeat 10 times. Combine this with dieting.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

He asked her for a burning kiss,

She said in accent cool,

"I may not be a red-hot gal,

But I'm nobody's fool."

* * *

The young Georgia miss came to the hospital for a check-up. "Have you been X-rayed?" asked the doctor.

"Nope," she said. "But ah've been ultraviolated."

* * *

"Your wife will probably hit the ceiling when you get home tonight," said the bartender to his drinking customer.

"Yeah," the man answered, "she's a lousy shot."

* * *

"Why don't you smile?" the teacher asked young Johnny.

"I didn't have no breakfast," Johnny replied.

"You poor dear," said the teacher. "But to return to our geography lesson. Where is the Polish border?"

"In bed with Momma — that's why I didn't have no breakfast."

* * *

In the time of Queen Elizabeth I, some ladies-in-waiting liked to curl up with a good book, while others were satisfied with the pages.

A certain Senator had to visit Chicago for a committee hearing and wanted to take a female acquaintance along.

"I have Senatorial immunity," he assured her, "so you needn't be afraid of the Hann Act."

"Afraid of it?" she giggled "Why, Senator, I just adore it."

* * *

Have you heard about the old maid who came to Bombay? She sued a five-star hotel for cruelty. Seems they gave her a room between two honeymooning couples.

* * *

"All right, lady," said the bill collector. "How about the next instalment on that couch?"

The lady shrugged. "Better than having to give you money, I guess."

* * *

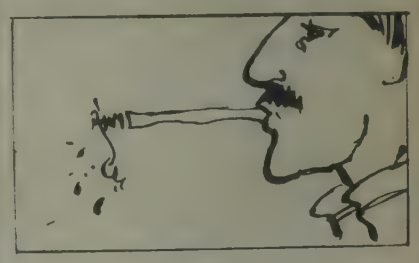
Husband: "I suppose you won't go to the opening without a new gown?"

Wife: "I should say not."

Husband: "I thought so — so I only got one ticket."

* * *

If those Winston cigarettes get any longer — only trombone players will be able to light them.



* * *

As soon as the pretty model comes in — the first thing he draws is the venetian blind.

* * *

A woman driver wouldn't have as much trouble squeezing into a parking place if she would imagine it was a girdle or a pair of shoes.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

1. Subtle moods in soft seasonless fabric — an understatement in elegance. Note the shawl collar, feminine like the pleats and ankle pins.

2. Red and black mix and match to spell 'Drama' in this long, lean baggy overshirt and slim, sleek tapered pants in satin. Note the satin pouch, designed to be an all time eyecatcher!

3. For moonlight looks that cast long shadows even after you've left — is this bewitching black jumpsuit in easy moving jersey with touches of gold.

4. Take a shine onto the satin look this year ... creamy coffee jacket with black trimmings.

5. Breeze in, in this swirling georgette leopard printed dress, roped in at the shoulder. A number exclusively aimed for the BIG KILL!

Location Courtesy: Taj Mahal Hotel, New Delhi.

Photographs: Avinash Pasricha

1

2

Hep And Happy!

The mood, the look, the trend and the style are the watch-words where fashion language begins. The boutique with its highly fashionable clothes at very reasonable prices focuses on the flowing lines, dramatic colours and styles — you have been always looking for! You can easily spot them coming a mile off and will certainly make you a winner any day. Here we have the most exciting looks of the year designed by the winsome twosome LILLETTE DUBEY AND ANGELA HINGORANI to suit every 'body' and at the kind of prices you can afford.

Courtesy: The Girl Boutique, New Delhi

Lipton's Green Label Tea

What makes Lipton Green Label special among 100% Darjeeling teas is, of course, its unmatched flavour. The result of Lipton's blending skills matured over 85 years of experience. This is what makes Lipton Green Label rather special.

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LG CAS-1 '78

PASSING THROUGH

JAMILA MASSEY

MORE ROLES FOR BLACKS

"In an actor's tough world, where there is such fierce competition, luck is an extremely important asset. But while all actors face competition and the rat race, think of us — Indian actors, a racial minority, and in a place like England," says Jamila Massey. "We certainly need more than looks and talent to combat conscious and unconscious discrimination, and also to find the few roles that are written for coloured actors."

Jamila Massey, a well known actress, is familiar to British audiences. She is starring in the popular T.V. drama series "Mind your Language." She is also making regular appearances on Britain's most popular and longest running television drama series, "Crossroads." This series depicts the day-to-day life at a motel in Birmingham, and Jamila plays the part of the mother of the young Indian receptionist. Jamila did not even have to audition for the part — she is becoming so well-known. For "Mind your Language" however, she did have to audition.

"It was almost my first taste of playing comedy," she says, "and I enjoyed it immensely."

Jamila joined Equity, the actors' union, many years ago, but for the last two or three years she has been chairwoman of the Afro-Asian Committee of the Union. One of the aims of the Committee is to make directors and producers see that immigrant actors can play all kinds of roles. Recently a survey conducted by the Committee showed that Afro-Asian actors are underemployed.

"I am not speaking on behalf of the association, but on my own behalf," she says, "when I say that I feel that the producers and directors are behind the times. Unless a script specifically demands a black or coloured actor, they will not select one. And yet, a white man will play the part of a black one, by 'blacking up.' Why should that be done? Shouldn't we be given those roles? As it is, there are few enough parts for us. After all you never see us 'whiting up.'"

"No," she says a trifle emphatically, "there is no very conscious discrimination against us, but the stupid situation has arisen through neglect. The best thing of course would be, as far as drama and theatre are concerned, for all actors to be able to play all kinds of roles without social stigma and taboos."

Jamila, who was born in Simla, went to Auckland House School and after that to Kings College, London, graduating in English Literature, Latin and Urdu. She has been acting and writing since the age of ten. Married to writer-producer Reginald Massey, she co-authored one book with him called "The Immigrants." Her latest book is "The Music of India."

Jamila's success has not come out of the blue. She has worked very hard, and finds, now that she is getting more parts, her "rest" periods are becoming fewer and shorter,

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KIDDIES KORNER

CASK IN ON CAPSICUM

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

Vegetables deserve the best of efforts in cooking in order to retain their true flavour, as well as their natural nutrients. Capsicums may simply by steamed or baked unpeeled or fried in minimum oil to keep vitamin losses to a minimum. They are also known as bell peppers, sweet peppers, giant peppers, and in India, popularly known as "Simla mirchi." Pimentos are the same but the name is usually applied to tinned red peppers. Capsicums may be both green and red, this depending on the stage at which they were picked, the green ones being a little milder in flavour. Rich in vitamin A, vitamin C, niacin, riboflavin and various minerals, they should be cooked immediately after picking. DURU JAGTIANI suggests a number of mouthwatering recipes for stuffing, shredding for a salad, and for making a delicious sabzi. Try them for a change!

CHICKEN WITH CAPSICUMS IN TOMATO GRAVY

1 chicken
Salt and pepper to taste
6 capsicums
4 big tomatoes
1 onion
4-5 flakes garlic
½ inch piece ginger
1 small carrot
¼ tsp. red chilli powder
¼ tsp. garam masala
3-4 tbsps. oil

Bone the chicken and cut into pieces. Sprinkle salt and pepper. Fry in hot oil on slow fire until golden brown and crisp. Remove and keep aside. In a tablespoon of oil, fry the chopped onion, crushed garlic and ginger. Add tomato and carrot pieces. Pour one cup of water. Simmer on slow fire for half an hour. Cool and collect the pulp through a soup strainer. Add a pinch of salt, red chilli and garam masala powder.

Combine the fried chicken pieces, tomato and diced capsicums. Cook on slow fire for 10 minutes.

CAPSICUM BHAJIAS

4 medium size capsicums
1 cup besan
A pinch soda-bi-carb
Salt to taste

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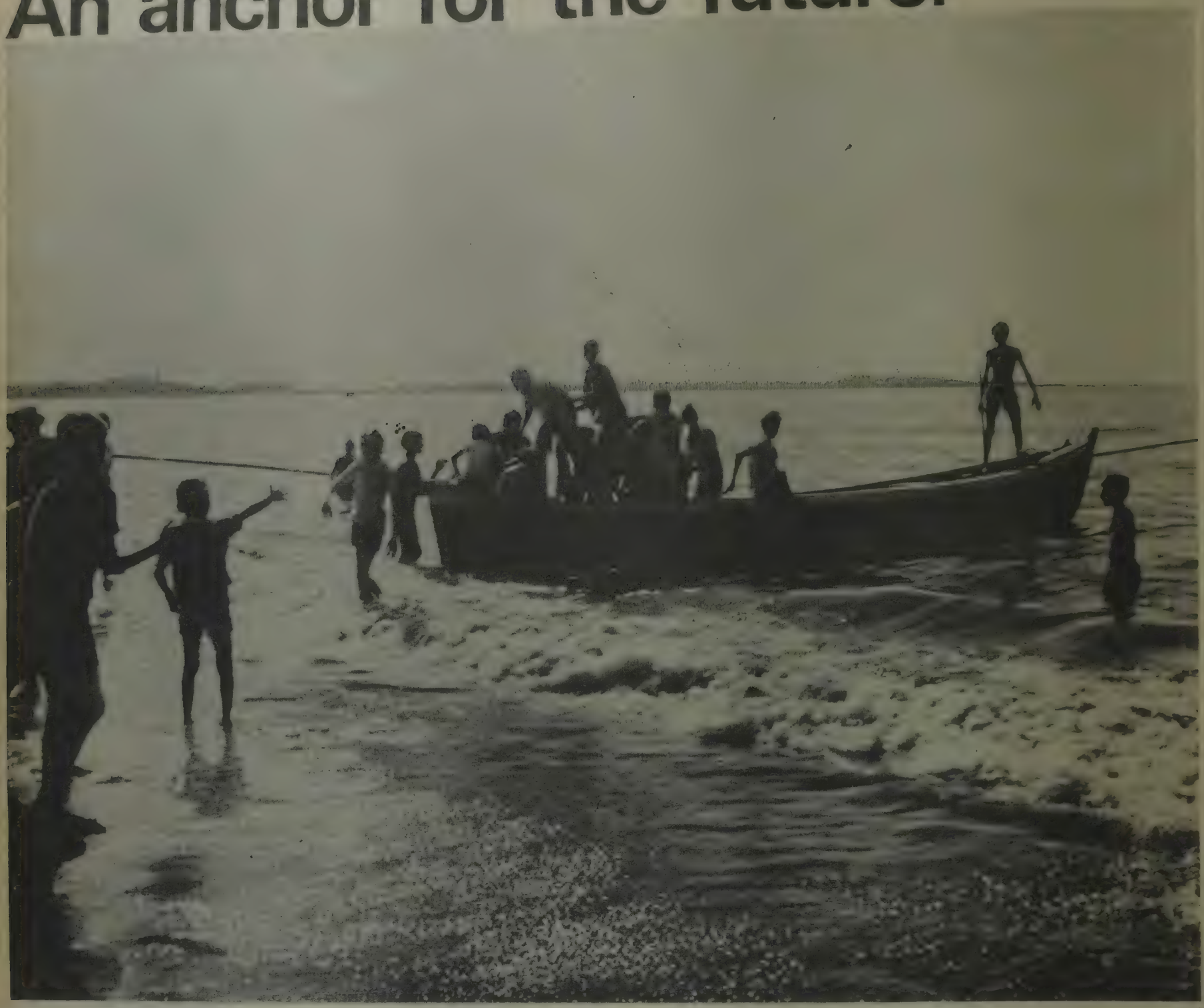

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Oil for frying
Red chilli powder (optional)

Wash and cut the capsicums into thick slices. Make a batter of gram flour and water (slightly thick). Mix capsicum slices, salt, chilli powder and soda. In hot oil, drop capsicum slices well coated, one by one (say about 6-8 slices). Reduce heat and fry until crisp. Serve with tomato sauce.

HAM AND RED CAPSICUMS

100 grams ham
2 red capsicums (or green capsicums)
3/4 tbsp. soya sauce
½ tbsp. cornflour
½ tsp. sugar
1 tbsp. oil

Wash and remove stems from the capsicums. Slice and blanch in boiling water for a few minutes. Remove and keep in a shallow dish to cool. Cut ham into small pieces. Mix together cornflour, soya sauce, sugar and a tablespoon of water. Add ham and mix well. In hot oil lightly fry sliced peppers, add ham mixture and cook over slow fire, stirring all the time until dry. This could be served on toasted bread for breakfast too.

STUFFED CAPSICUM

6 capsicums
¼ kg minced meat
¼ cup boiled peas
1 big tomato, chopped
1 onion
2-3 flakes garlic
1" piece ginger
½ tsp. red chilli powder
1 tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. garam masala
1 tbsp. coriander leaves
Salt to taste

With a sharp knife make a small hole in the centre of each capcicum and remove all the seeds. Leave aside. Pressure cook meat with ¼ cup of water for ten minutes. Fry the chopped onion, crushed garlic and ginger. Add tomato pieces and reduce heat. Fry till the oil separates. Add cooked minced meat and mix well. Add boiled peas, salt, red chilli powder, coriander powder, garam masala and chopped coriander leaves. Cook until dry. Fill capsicums with this mixture. Close the opening. In a big pan (karahi) put two tablespoons of oil. Place the capsicums in oil. Cover and cook on low fire. Keep turning the capsicums in between so that they are fried evenly. You can also put these in the oven for about half an hour. Serve on bed of lettuce with tomato rings.

PANEER KHEEMA WITH CAPSICUMS

½ litre milk
1 small cup curd
1 big onion
¼" ginger, chopped
2 capsicums
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. oil

Boil milk, add curd and wait till paneer separates from whey. Pour through a soup strainer. Cool. Fry the chopped onions and ginger to light golden brown. Add paneer and mix well. Reduce heat. Add finely chopped capsicums and salt. Cover and let it cook until it becomes absolutely dry.

CAPSICUMS WITH PRAWNS AND MUSHROOMS

6 medium sized capsicums
1 cup prawns, shelled and deveined
½ cup mushrooms
½ cup gram flour
2 onions
3-4 flakes garlic
3 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 lime
Salt to taste
5-6 tbsps. oil

Wash and wipe the capsicums. Remove the stems only. Cut them halfway into quarters. Remove seedpods. Wash mushrooms. Chop onions, mushrooms, prawns and seedpods finely. Crush garlic and add to this mixture along with salt, lime juice and chopped coriander leaves. Now add gram flour and if necessary, a little water to make a thick paste. Also add one tablespoon of oil. Stuff the capsicums with this mixture. Apply oil on all sides. Bake in the oven for 30-40 minutes.

CAPSICUM ALOO BHUJIA

6 capsicums
2 potatoes
¼ tsp. cummin
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. coriander powder
1 tsp. mango powder
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. oil

Peel potatoes, wash and cut into small pieces. Also wash capsicums and cut these into pieces. Splutter cummin seeds in oil. Put potato and capsicum pieces. Sprinkle salt, turmeric powder and reduce heat. Cover and let it cook, for ten minutes. Add coriander powder, mango and mix well. Leave for another five minutes till dry.

CAPSICUM BHAJI

6 capsicums
¼ cup gram flour (besan)
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
¼ coconut, grated
½ tsp. mustard seeds
¼ tsp. asafoetida
¼ tsp. turmeric
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. oil

In hot oil, add asafoetida and splutter mustard seeds. Add chopped capsicums. Cover and cook on slow fire for ten minutes. Add besan, salt turmeric, grated coconut and chopped coriander leaves. Fry well for about five minutes.

CAPSICUM RAITA

2 capsicums
2 tbsps. coconut, grated
2 tbsps. peanuts, roasted
¼ tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
A pinch asafoetida
½ lime
Salt to taste
1 tsp. oil

Wash and cut capsicums very finely. Add grated coconut, coarsely ground peanuts, salt, sugar and juice from lime. Mix well and transfer into a glass bowl.

In a teaspoon of oil, put in asafoetida and splutter mustard seeds. Pour over raita. Chill and serve with meals.

SALAD

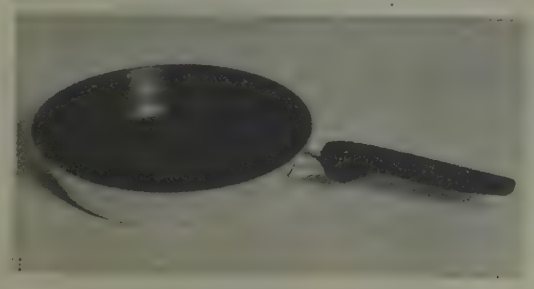
1 head lettuce
2 cucumbers
1 capsicum
2 tomatoes
1 lime
8-10 cloves garlic
1 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. salad oil

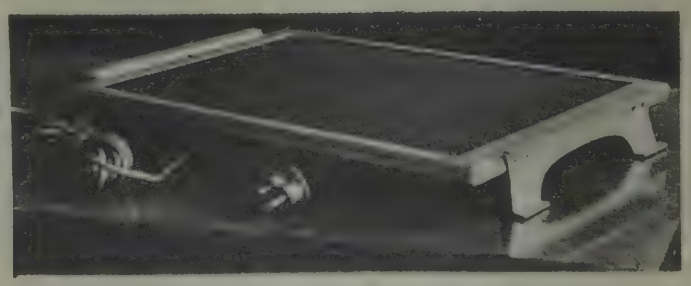
Keep the vegetables soaked in chlorine solution for ten minutes. Drain and chop the lettuce, capsicums and tomatoes. Cut cucumber into small pieces. Peel and crush garlic. With the help of a fork, mix garlic into the oil. Add salt, sugar and lime juice. Arrange vegetables in a salad bowl and pour over the garlic mixture. Mix well and chill before serving.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen for the month of December will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

1) A non-stick coated 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) LIFELONG Food Warmer, Popular model 625 x 365 x 65mm from TRADING ENGINEERS, New Delhi.





So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 230.

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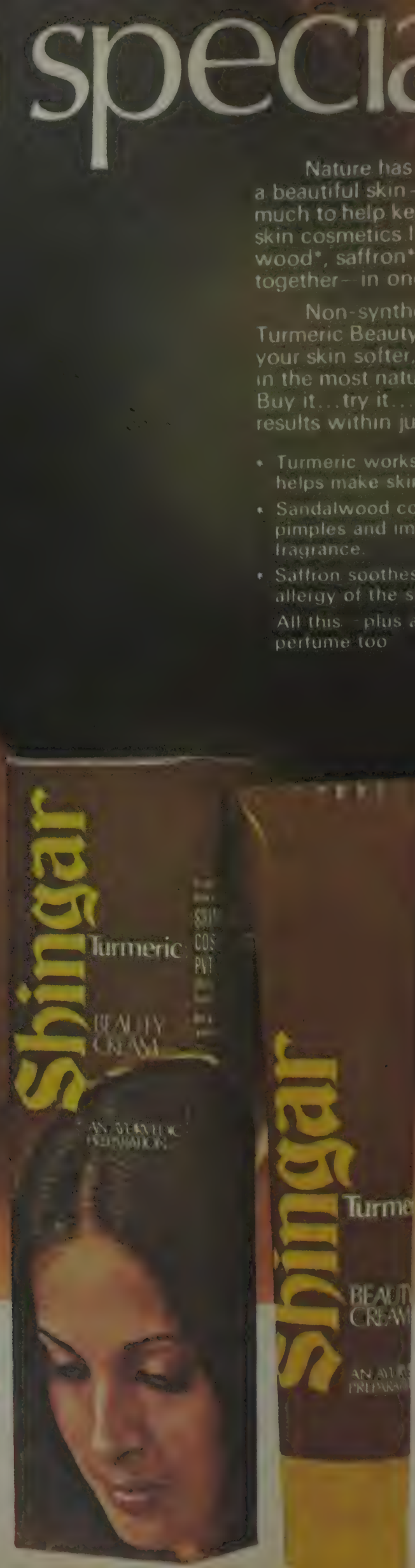

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Manjulika Chatterjee, Goa

- 2 medium sized onions, finely chopped
- 1 large tomato
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. fat
- 2 tbsps. flour

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 4 green chillis
- 1" piece ginger
- 6 cloves garlic
- 1 bunch coriander leaves

ROAST AND POWDER:

- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 5-6 pepper corns
- 1" stick cinnamon
- 3 cardamoms
- 3 cloves
- ½ tsp. poppy seeds

MIX TOGETHER:

- ½ tsp. pepper, powdered
- ¼ tsp. cardamom, powdered
- ½ tsp. nutmeg, powdered
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. vinegar
- 1 tbsp. tomato sauce

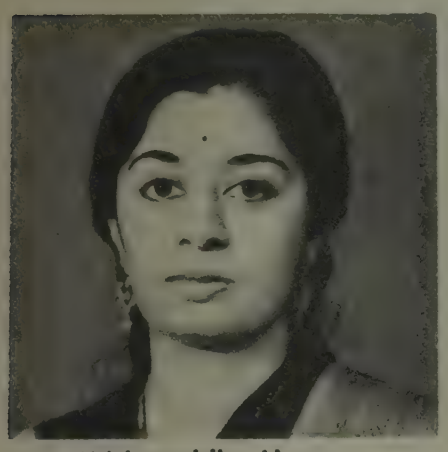
Heat fat and fry the ground masala. Keep aside. Fry the chopped onions till golden, add chopped tomato, the fried ground masala, meat and the powdered spices and turmeric powder. Fry for 3 minutes. Pour half a cup of water and cook till meat is done. Add salt and cook till dry.

Spread the prepared meat on the bread slices, lightly dust with flour and roll each tightly. Tie the ends with thread. Brush rolls with the powdered spices mixed in tomato sauce and vinegar and bake in a hot oven till crisp. Serve hot with green chutney.

COCONUT PATTIES

- 2 cups coconut, grated
- 450 grams potatoes,
- 3 green chillis
- 1 small piece ginger
- 2 small onions
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- Bread crumbs
- 2 egg whites
- Curryleaves
- Salt to taste
- Ghee

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Add salt. Grind coconut, chilli, onion, ginger and salt coarsely. Add curry leaves and tomatoes. Divide the potato mixture into eight parts and shape into round patty. Place the coconut mixture into the centre of each patty. Fold the sides of the patty over this mixture. Roll into breadcrumbs, dip into well-beaten egg whites, and fry in hot ghee till pale golden brown.



Mrs. Krishnambika Menon, Cochin.

MEAT 'N' BREAD ROLLS

- 10-12 bread slices
- 250 grams minced meat

WEEKLY WINNER

GEMMA D'CUNHA, Pune.

Mrs. D'cunha wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

CORNY IDEAS

- 12 salami slices
- 1 tin sweet corn or 6 tender corn cobs, grated
- 6 dtsps. butter
- 3 dtsps. cornflour
- 1 cup prawns, shelled and cut
- 2 cups milk
- Salt to taste
- Pepper to taste
- 2 tbsps. cheese, grated
- 3 cabbage leaves, grated
- 2 celery leaves, cut finely

Lightly brush the salami slices with butter. Place under a hot grill for about ½ minute. They will quickly curl up all round, and form into baskets. Remove, and keep aside. On a slow fire, boil till dry, the corn and prawns, with salt to taste.

In a heavy bottomed vessel, melt butter. Drop in dissolved cornflour slowly, and stir for 2 minutes, on a low flame. Add milk slowly, stirring continuously to avoid formation of lumps. Cook for 1 minute, again on low flame. The consistency should be thick. To this add sauce, salt, pepper, and finally the cheese, and corn prawn mixture. Drop spoonful of this sauce, into each salami basket. Garnish each with the cut up celery. Spread the remaining sauce on a large flat dish. Again garnish with remaining celery.

Space out the salami baskets on the sauce. Edge the dish with the finely grated green cabbage. Eat cold.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest.

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

January, 1980
FRESH FRUIT DESSERTS

February, 1980
DAL PREPARATIONS

March, 1980
SOUFFLES — SAVOURY OR SWEET

All entries for January should reach us by December 5, February entries by January 5, and March entries February 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

LEELAVATHY PATRICK

BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR THE HANDICAPPED

Neela Subramaniam

One of Madras's increasingly popular institutions for handicapped children is The Clarke School for the Deaf. Its Director is Miss Leelavathy Patrick. The string of degrees after her name — B.A., M.Ed., M.E.D. (Mass U.S.A.) — is truly impressive.

After receiving her M.Ed. degree from Madras University, Miss Patrick worked for a time as a high school teacher and met handicapped children. Then she was attracted by an advertisement in a local paper which had been inserted by a special school for the handicapped — The Little Flower Convent School for the Deaf and Blind, Madras. Her application was accepted.

"I really had no special qualifications to teach deaf students, but armed with previous teaching experience, I taught them," she admitted frankly and explained that teaching the deaf involves special techniques like lip-reading, auditory training and speech training. She found that the children here displayed the same curiosity and interest to learn new things. Miss Patrick warned, "Don't think that deaf children are poles apart from normal ones. Given proper encouragement, they can even outshine the normal."

At about this time, an incident occurred which strengthened her resolve to do something for these unfortunate children. A final-year student, a young girl, asked Miss Patrick what she could do after she left school. "I am deaf and no one will give me a job. If I go back to the village, I will do nothing," she stated sadly.

Miss Patrick was greatly troubled because the only vocational or home science subjects taught then were embroidery and weaving. She was determined even more firmly than before to start an institution for the handicapped.

In 1966, The Society For Aiding the Handicapped was started in Madras and Miss Patrick, who was an active member, learnt much about the psychology of the deaf. She felt — and still feels — that "the vocational training given to them must be useful. The stereotyped vocational training programmes must be changed to modern techniques to suit the changing world. They should not be limited to carpentry, book-binding, candle-making and so on," and added, "They (the handicapped) are capable of undertaking many a sophisticated job that you or I can do. So our programmes are planned with this essential need in mind."

Miss Patrick's chance came in 1968 when she successfully applied for a Fulbright Scholarship under the auspices of the Cleveland International Programme. As part of her M.E.D., she taught at The Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts, and was awarded a scholarship by Smith College there, in affiliation with the Clarke School.

After receiving her Master's degree for the Education of the Deaf (M.E.D.), Miss Patrick returned to India.

While working as Student Counsellor for the United States Educational Foundation in Madras, she decided to utilize her training skill to open a school for teaching pre-school deaf children through oral methods.

The Clarke School for the Deaf (the name recalls Miss Patrick's training school) was begun in 1970 as a residential school.

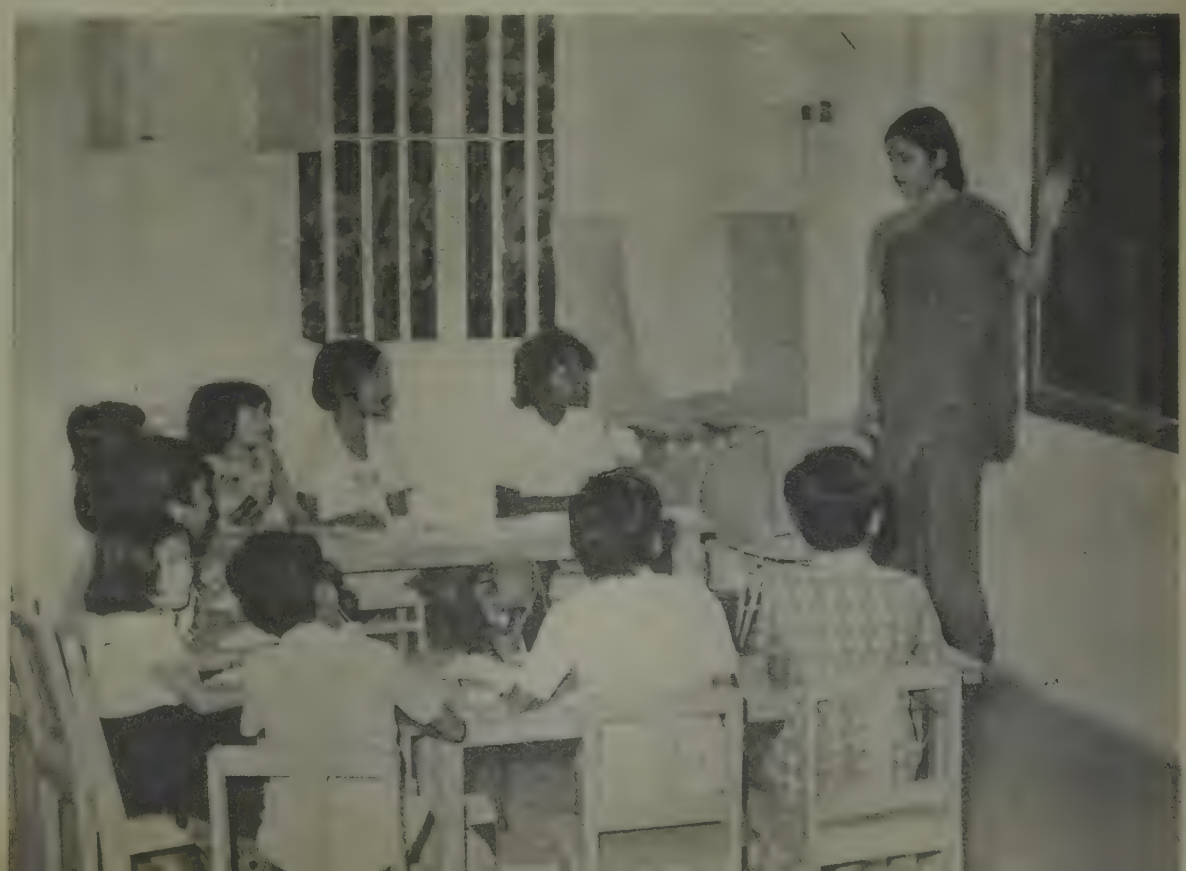
The establishment of the school laid emphasis on the need for training pre-school deaf children in the age group of two-and-a-half to seven years. "At first we had intended enrolling only pre-schoolers, but many parents came to us with children who were over-age and who had never been to school and we found it necessary to help them. Admission to any school here is quite difficult if the child is over-age. And, if the child is also handicapped, what future can she or he have ?" Miss Patrick asked. The Clarke School offers free testing, guidance programmes for parents and free consultancy service to interested parents.

At this point Miss Patrick stressed that "close cooperation between parents of the deaf and the teacher is a must if the child is to maintain a steady progress." In fact, the parents **have** to help their children with homework, the daily holiday assignments (which are prepared for each child by the teacher), otherwise "they are pulled up severely."

Apart from the regular subjects, extra-curricular activities like dancing, (especially classical dancing), sports, swimming and yoga are also encouraged and are even compulsory. Miss Patrick explained that the science of yoga, besides instilling a sense of physical and mental discipline, helps the deaf children to tone up their . muscles and aids in the development of speech. She added: "The beautiful rhythm and grace of a deaf child on stage during a dance can be compared to that of any normal child."

Continued on page 66

BELOW: A class in progress at the Clarke School.



THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

SAM WANTS ME TO LEAVE HIM MY DOOR KEY - WHERE SHALL I HIDE IT?
BEHIND THE FLOWER-POT?
THAT'S TOO OBVIOUS - HOW ABOUT UNDER THE DOORMAT?
ANY CROOK WOULD LOOK THERE -
IN THE FLOWER BED WOULD BE GOOD, BUT IT'S TOO DIRTY -
THE GARAGE IS EVEN WORSE -
I'VE GOT IT! HIDE IT UNDER THE SUGAR BOWL IN THE KITCHEN -
NO PROWLER WOULD EVER FIND IT THERE!
YOU'RE SO CLEVER, EMILY!
A PERSON CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS -
SAM WILL BE SO PROUD OF YOU!
4-22

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REENA ROY: A FLUKE ACTRESS?

Jyothi Venkatesh

The flight to Bangalore was ready for take-off. Yet Reena Roy, who was also scheduled to catch the plane, had not yet arrived at the airport even though her hair dresser and make-up man had already taken their seats in the aircraft. Reena's name was called out thrice and just as the Captain decided to unload the luggage of the passengers and ask each one of us to identify ours before Reena's was kept aside, Reena arrived along with her entourage of sister Barkha and a female journalist.

Reena is a star today and like every other star likes making others wait for her, unlike the nervous Reena of old who used to report on her sets half an hour before the other members of the unit trooped in for the day's shooting. Reena told me as soon as the aircraft took off that she was on her way to Ooty to take part in the shooting of the Narinder Bedi-directed "Insaan" with Vinod Khanna who had already reached Bangalore.

What marks out Reena from other actresses is her simplicity. Not for her the gaudy grease paint even off the screen like some of the other stars, like Sulakshana Pandit for example. In fact, both at the Santa Cruz airport and at the Bangalore airport nobody bothered to seige her for her autograph for the simple reason that no one recognized her as film star Reena Roy.

Reena told me that she is fed up doing the same kind of role in film after film. "Today, the heroine in Indian films has simply no scope to reveal her talent. She has got to submerge her identity beneath that of the hero because very few films are made with a heroine-oriented subject. Luckily for me, "Naagin' clicked and escalated me to the top. Otherwise I would have still been languishing and people would have written me off."

In fact, so determined is Reena about choosing the right role to further her career that she ruthlessly keeps on turning down roles which only call for the display of her physical assets. Recently, she surprised everyone by turning down South Indian matinee idol Krishna's offer to cast her in his "Takkar" opposite Sanjeev Kumar. According to her, not only was the role routine, but the sum offered too was for less than her current price.

Her films on the floors include Ramanand Sagar's "Bhagawat" in which she is cast with Dharmendra and Hema Malini, "Sanam", another Sagar project with Dilip Kumar, Raakhee, Mithun and Ranjeeta, J.Om Prakash's "Aasha" with Jeetendra and Sanjeev Kumar, "Bebas" and "Dhanwan", both opposite Rajesh Khanna, "Kachche Heerey" opposite Feroz Khan and "Dharam Kanta" with Jeetendra and Rajesh Khanna.

Though there are producers who dub Reena a fluke actress, just a glamorous showpiece who can click only when she is teamed with Shatrughan Sinha, there are at least two directors who have declared that they would like to work with Reena in every film they may launch. They are Narinder Bedi who has cast her in his "Insaan", "Kachche Heerey", "Khooni", "Kanoon" and one more film to be launched shortly, and J. Om Prakash who, after "Apnapan", has cast her in his "Aasha" in a pivotal role.

Now Reena wants to become a great thespian. "I want to earn a name for myself as a good actress. I do not mind turning down insignificant roles even if they are offered to me by big banners. I want to do roles like the ones Jaya did in 'Mili' or Raakhee did in 'Tapasya'." According to her, what matters to her most are the roles and the directors not the heroes. Today she doesn't bother whether she has been paired opposite Dharmendra or Arun Govil.

And now that Shatrughan Sinha is no longer there to distract her from work, one hopes that Reena will devote herself to her career and emerge a better actress without an emotional hang-over like Parveen Babi had after she broke off with her Kabir Bedi about two years ago. The dearth at the top is felt badly by the industry because Hema Malini is ageing and Parveen Babi is showing no signs of recovery from her mysterious illness.

Photograph : Haresh Dattani

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Continued from page 15

WOMEN IN VIETNAM:

in on every cabinet meeting: she has the right to express the women's dimension in any proposal which comes before the meeting. She is a full fledged member of the cabinet in regard to matters concerning women and children.

In a similar way, many women who are in government are also members of the WU. Madame Binh who is the Minister in charge of Education, is one of the Vice-Presidents of the WU. Likewise, as Executive Member in the City Union of Ho Chi Minh City and the Central Committee of the WU, is Mrs. Lien who is the Director of War Invalids and Social Welfare Dept. of Government.

"The principle of ensuring that women have a say in the councils of power is reinforced by having one member from the Women's Union on every policy making committee. . ."

This principle of ensuring that the woman's voice is heard and that women have a say in the councils of power is reinforced by having one member from the Women's Union to be on every policy making committee. Further, if in the implementation of policy and regulations, there is any breach, the matter is reported by the WU to its Central Committee and to the government.

The WU has a standing of 49 years, having been established in 1930. It has two main tasks. Firstly, it has to unite and mobilize women to join the women's organization, and secondly it has to educate and raise the knowledge of women in all fields — political, economic, cultural, scientific and social — including looking after the family and children.

Under its first task, its members work to unite different strata of women —workers, doctors, engineers, peasants, labourers, and poor women. It has two schools to train cadres of workers for mobilising women as well as for performing its second task. It has units all over the country with trained cadres for fulfilling the function.

While promoting consciousness of women to fulfil their obligation and exercise their rights as citizens, it is its task to speak on behalf of women and put up proposals for government's consideration in regard to women workers.

"While promoting the consciousness of women to fulfil their obligation and exercise their rights as citizens, it is the WU's task to speak on behalf of women and put up proposals for government's consideration."

The WU functions in very close cooperation with state organs and other organizations such as the trade unions, the youth union, and committees such as "Mother and Child Welfare," as well as with the work of the Ministeries of Health, Education, Invalids and Social Welfare.

Students of the Women's Training School of the Women's Union of Vietnam, singing the national anthem.

At the very top is the President, eight Vice-Presidents and a Central Standing Committee consisting of 32 members. This is decentralized into provincial committees for each of the provinces and three city committees in Hanoi, Ho Chi Minh, and Hai Phong cities.

The provincial and city committees have representatives from district committees and town committees, going down to village commune committees and small town committees. The smallest units are commissions of hamlets where there are women's groups —women's mutual aid groups and "mothers of fighters" groups, etc. In the city committees the smallest units are the quarter committees, again having women's groups.

The Central Committee has many departments or committees to assist it such as the Organizing Committee, the Committee in charge of Formation of Cadres and Information Collection and Dissemination, the Committee for the Welfare and the Rights of Women which studies the rights of women and proposes new ones or amendments to the existing ones, the Rural and Peasant Women Dept., the Administrative Dept., the Committee for International Relations, a Publishing House which also publishes a magazine called "Women of Vietnam."

The finances of the WU are from two sources — government and a nominal fee paid by the members. The WU runs a publishing house too.

In its first constitution in 1945 it was stated that "women have equal rights as men in all respects. . ." This has been implemented as a state policy and is being handled as a task along with national construction and development.

The WU has helped to bring home to everyone a correct understanding of women's worth and of defining the responsibility of society towards women. The movement to emancipate women is aimed at bringing about changes in women's position in the family and society, and ensuring that they are equipped to have control over their lives.

By and large, women's illiteracy has been tackled. It is in the south that there are some pockets of illiteracy and perhaps some backlog needing attention.

Presently 132 out of 482 members of the National Assembly are women, with 19 women as Ministers or Vice-Ministers. 40 per cent are women in People's Councils at all levels. Here are some more impressive figures from the address of Madame Binh to the International Workshop on Feminist Structures and Ideology for the First Half of the Decade for Women — 24-30 June 1979 — Bangkok:

130 are chiefs of departments at central level.
190 are directors or deputy-directors of enterprises.
100 are managers or assistant-managers of companies.
355 are chiefs of deputy-chiefs of different provincial departments.
Women make up 45 per cent of office workers.
60 per cent in agriculture.
70 per cent in light industry.
25 per cent in heavy industry.
62 per cent in commerce.
55 per cent in education.
60 per cent in health service.
56 per cent in culture and art.
30 per cent in construction.
54 per cent in chemistry.
40 per cent in transport.

"The number of women scientists is also increasing:

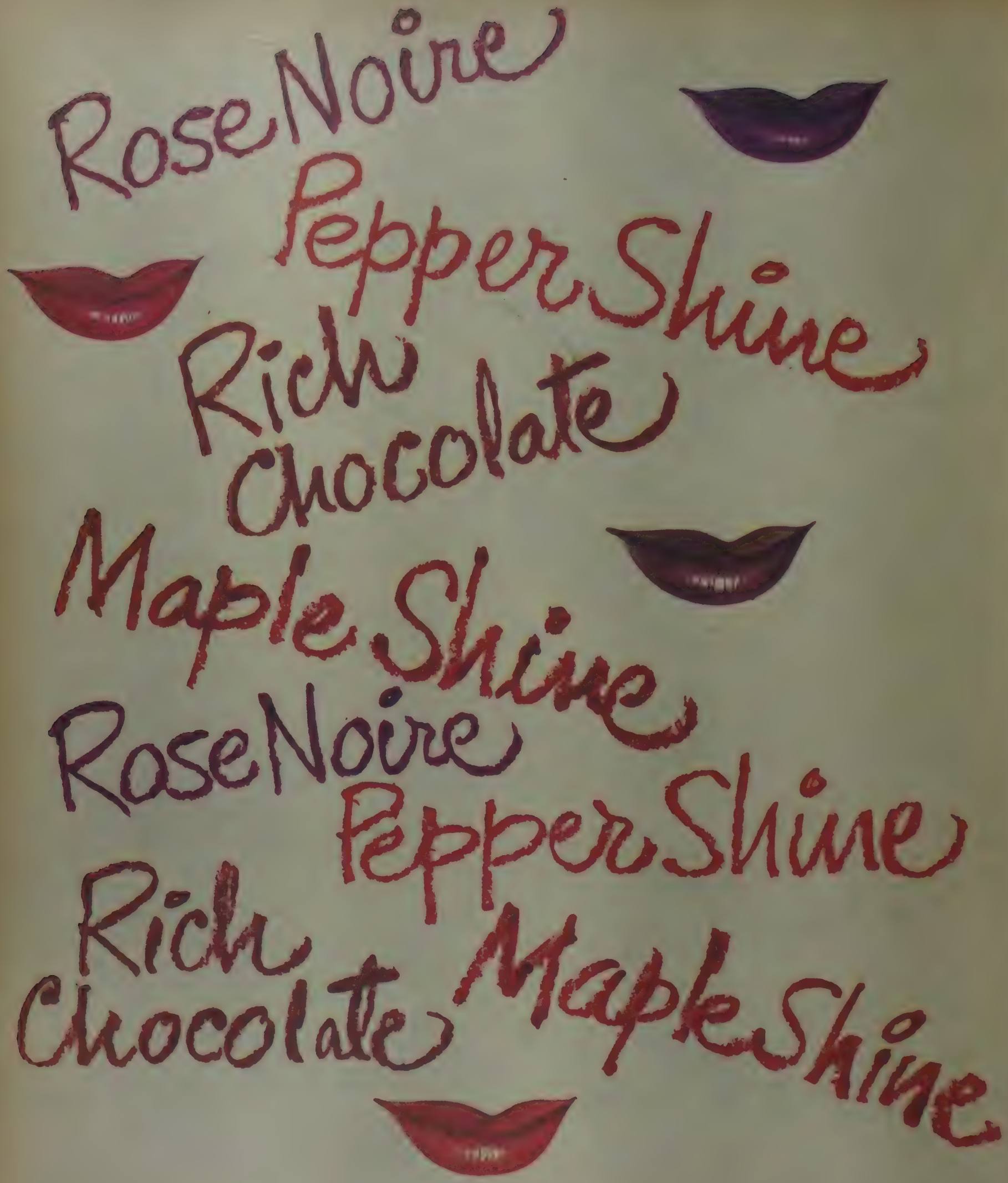
10 per cent of Ph. D's and M.A.'s.
25 per cent of the university teaching body.
42 per cent of medical doctors.
51 per cent of high school teachers.
53 per cent of pharmacists.

"68 women and women units have been awarded Heroines and Hero Units in production and fighting by the National Assembly and the Government."

We also met women members of the Supreme Court (two are Deputy Chief Judges out of seven). There are women lawyers and women judges to handle all cases involving women.

Notwithstanding the availability of equal opportunities, and their full integration in national development, there are still many difficulties, mostly on account of the deprivations and lack of time arising out of many many years of war. So if there is one thing most desired by the women of Vietnam, it is peace.

The lesson that clearly comes out of our Vietnam trip for women of other countries is for them to work hard to get women to move collectively for identifying their problems and seeking their solutions. Not until a women's movement develops from below, can women's situation improve.



LIPS BY MAX FACTOR

Free Lip Brush when you buy 2 lipsticks. Offer open until stocks last

WOMEN IN FOCUS

RAJESH KANWAL

WIDE RANGE OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

S. I. Clerk

Rajesh (Peace) Kanwal a well known actress of the Hindi screen with over half a dozen major appearances to her credit, is versatile, for she is also an artist with a number of solo and group exhibitions in Bombay, Delhi, New York, Sydney, etc. to her credit.

She is self-taught and works with different media. Of particular interest is her ability to combine oils on canvas with ceramics as amply evinced in a number of paintings in her last exhibition at the Taj Art Gallery (last April). Thus she obtains three dimensional reliefs accentuating the realism of her work. The ceramic pieces juxtaposed with the oils create a folk art effect, particularly when the oil colours are subdued and not dominant. Rajesh's experiment of combining ceramics and oils goes beyond the realm of the traditional collages. The range is from ceramic pieces on backgrounds painted in oils to the ceramic pieces deeply involved in the theme and subject of the painting.

Subjectwise too, Rajesh has a wide range. She has sensitive flower studies, striking female figure studies, landscapes, some studies of horses as well as semi-abstracts. Throughout, there is an ample evidence of a vivid imagination, a wide range of themes and a keen sense of design. She creates ceramic objets d'art as well as objects of day to day utility. These are marked by their novel designs and shapes.

It appears sometimes that the decorative element dominates Rajesh's work, but at the same time, she strives to attain more seriousness of purpose. Thus, she sometimes moves away from oils and ceramics and goes in for copper reliefs. And her deep involvement is pre-eminently evident in her interpretations of the sun in a number of her copper reliefs as well as in her oils-cum-ceramics. In these depictions of the sun she seems to be veering towards a vague symbolism.

Whatever her medium, Rajesh reveals a technical mastery over her medium — no mean achievement when one bears in mind that she is self-taught. Thus, her creations in oils, ceramics, copper (she also paints sarees/dresses) are technically flawless. She has a wide range of genres, and talking to her it would appear that it is not in her nature to concentrate on a single theme or medium or technique for long. She feels she has an open mind and is ever keen on any kind of experimentation. In all probability, this is her forte.

She has at present arrived at a stage in her career when she should resist the temptation to mass produce sentimental, syrupy stuff which, to begin with, might be sold and thus be lucrative. However, in the long run, this would ruin her serious potentialities. She has an understanding and a feeling for her material and an ability to express and communicate her "ideas."

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

A boon to housewives is this electric Lifelong Oven-Toaster-Grill introduced by Trading Engineers, Delhi. Beautifully designed, it is in a lovely orange colour. A see-through glass door in front helps to check the food inside. Price Rs. 1,368 including taxes. Available at leading stores.

FELT FANCIES

Continued from page 23

shears. Cut the red dotted material in shape of 2 strawberries. Stick them on the green felt with Fevicol. Cut tiny bits of green tops of strawberries and fix in position with Fevicol. Cut 2 pieces of brown wool strands 3 cms. long. Stick them in place as indicated. Stick the 2 green felt pieces together around the edge leaving a small opening on top. Stuff with cottonwool. Stitch the key ring at the point where the wool strands end. This key chain can be used as a pin cushion too.

KEY CHAIN WITH WOMAN'S FACE

Materials: A round cardboard 4 cms. in diameter, circular black cotton material 6 cms. in diameter, circular red and white dotted cotton material 2 pieces 4 cms. in diameter, a piece of red felt for lips, a small piece of white felt, 2 small metal rings, 3 small plastic flowers, a ring for keys and Fevicol.

Method: Stick the black material over the cardboard and neatly turn back the raw edges. Cut the lips and stick in place. Cut eyes out of white felt as shown and stick in position. Paint the eyeballs black. Fold the dotted piece along the centre line and stick one half on the forehead, above the eyes as shown. Similarly repeat on the other side of the forehead. Stick the flowers in the centre of the headgear to hide the folds. Fix the two metal rings near the edge of the headgear to indicate earrings. Cut a round of white felt 3 cms. in diameter and stick on the reverse. Stitch the key ring in the centre above the flowers.

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CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

what's in a SHAMPOO?

Krishna Basrur

Did you know that the word "shampoo" is of Indian origin and is derived from the Hindi "champna" — to press? Originally applied to the process of kneading and massaging the body after a hot bath, today it means lathering, washing and rubbing the head or hair and is by transference applied to products made for this purpose.

Shampoos are big business in the West. "Which?", the magazine of the Consumer Association U.K., mentions in a 1973 report on shampoos that English consumers spent over £ 20 million on shampoos alone in that year. In India even at the present fantastically high prices it is a Rs. 8 1/2-crores or 85-million business and the market is growing fast.

What induces the Indian consumer to spend 8.5 crores on shampoos every year? Is it skilful advertising only or do shampoos have something that soaps and other cleansing agents haven't?

Basically, all shampoos contain the same ingredients — a synthetic detergent to clean your hair, a foaming agent to give you lots of lather, and a little perfume to make you smell sweet and feel glamorous. Shampoos may also contain a vast variety of other special ingredients such as eggs, herbs, lanolin, lime, tonic, shikakai, amla, etc., etc. for which various claims are made. But we shall come to these later.

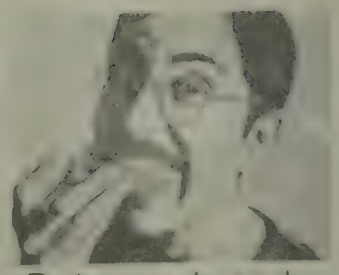
The one special advantage that shampoos have over soap is that the synthetic detergents in them work well both in hard and soft water whereas soaps do not. Though soap removes grease and dirt effectively from surfaces, in hard water which contains a relatively high amount of calcium in solution, the soap reacts with the calcium to form deposits of gummy "soap scum." When hair is washed with soap and hard water some of this scum settles on the hair in a dull film, making it difficult to comb unless rinsed in acidic rinses like lemon juice or vinegar that will dissolve the scum. The harder the water the more difficult it is for soap to foam and clean the hair effectively.

Synthetic detergents do not react with the calcium in the water and do not form scum, however hard the water. They therefore leave your hair clean and shiny without the need of any rinses. That is why lime as an additive in a shampoo has no function to perform as the synthetic detergent itself effectively removes grease.

Foaming is also not essential for synthetic detergents to perform adequately — foam boosters are used in shampoos because consumers expect foam.

While detergents clean hair very effectively they also tend to remove natural oils from the

On toasts



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What's in a SHAMPOO?

scalp and dry out the hair making it "fly away" and difficult to manage. For this reason a number of conditioners such as eggs, lanolin and cocoanut fatty acids are added to shampoos. While good shampoos contain enough of the conditioner to counteract the effect of the detergent, in many cases the additives are just rinsed away with the detergent and serve no useful purpose. Cosmetic chemists therefore strongly recommend that after each shampooing, a little oil or hair cream should be rubbed into the scalp to counteract the drying effect of the detergent. Or you may use one of the special conditioners available in the market.

Synthetic detergents are classified as anionic, amphoteric, cationic and nonionic. The former two are used in shampoos. Detergents of the amphoteric type are non-irritating to the eyes and are therefore generally used in shampoos for babies and children but these are very expensive.

DRY, OILY AND NORMAL HAIR

Much is made by admen of the different formulations for dry, oily and normal hair. Formulations for dry hair may contain less detergent and more fatty matter, while the position may be reversed in shampoos for oily hair. However, a user test on a large scale conducted by Consumers' Union (U.S.A.) showed that people with dry hair often preferred the shampoos for oily hair and vice versa. The obvious solution is to test different shampoos till you find one that suits you, irrespective of the type of hair it is advertised for.

Use of excess shampoo every time you wash your hair is to be guarded against as it may dry out and irritate the scalp.

THOSE SPECIAL CLAIMS — GIMMICKS OR PROVEN FACTS?

Egg protein in shampoos is recommended by advertisements for "protein starved hair" or for "extra nourishment for dull, lifeless hair." Some brands price it higher than their other shampoos.

A study of advertising in the U.K. and the Federal Republic of Germany prepared in 1974 by the Bureau European des Union de Consommateurs (BEUC) 29, Rue Royal, Brussels, Belgium, states, "No advertisement for a product which is stated to contain any protein or vitamin should claim or suggest that the topical application of such substances has any effect on the health of the hair or scalp."

Protein on the hair can do nothing to nourish or make it healthy. Though hair is protein like finger nails, it is not a living material. The inherent quality of your hair or fingernails can only be improved before they grow through a better diet leading to better health. And a good diet should include plenty of protein foods.

The claim that protein heals damaged hair and repairs split ends, dramatically illustrated on English T.V. by advertisements showing the split ends actually closing up after shampooing with protein shampoo, was disproved by the findings of a user test organised by Consumers Association, U.K.

They got 80 people with a split end problem to use a shampoo for two months. Half were given a protein shampoo and half were given an ordinary shampoo at random. They did not know which type they had. For a month before the test, they were not allowed to have their hair cut, set or conditioned or to use another protein shampoo. At the end of two months of washing with the test shampoos, about 20 per cent of the people using protein shampoo felt that they had fewer split ends. But so did about 20 per cent of the people using ordinary shampoo. A few in each group felt that they had more split ends. Most found no difference.

A laboratory test of split ended hair again showed no significant differences between protein and ordinary shampoos. The "healing" effect mentioned earlier in the T.V. advertisement was obtained because protein in combination with water temporarily glues the split ends together. Healing and nourishing claims for protein shampoos are to be taken with a pinch of salt though egg can be useful as a conditioner provided it is present in adequate quantities.

The Food and Drugs Administration in the U.S. lays down that the trade description "egg shampoo" may be used only if there is approximately one whole egg to the quantity of shampoo used normally for one shampooing. The description "shampoo with egg" or "contains egg" may be used only if there is at least 2 per cent egg in the shampoo.

In India, it is reported, "egg shampoos" contain only 1 to 2 per cent of egg and manufacturers are not required to state the quantity on the label. In fact, no declaration of the quantity of these ingredients is found on any labels. It seems only fair that an egg shampoo or any shampoo which claims to contain special ingredients should state how much of these it contains. The Assistant Commissioner (Cosmetics) Food and Drug Administration (Maharashtra) said that the Drugs and Cosmetics Act would have to be amended before this could be made obligatory.

Lime or lemon "for greasy hair" may give your hair a tangy, fresh smell, but the detergent in a shampoo is quite sufficient "to cut grease."

Herbs, tonics and other additives are generally rinsed out with the detergent and there is no real case for them. If you fancy the shampoo, use it.

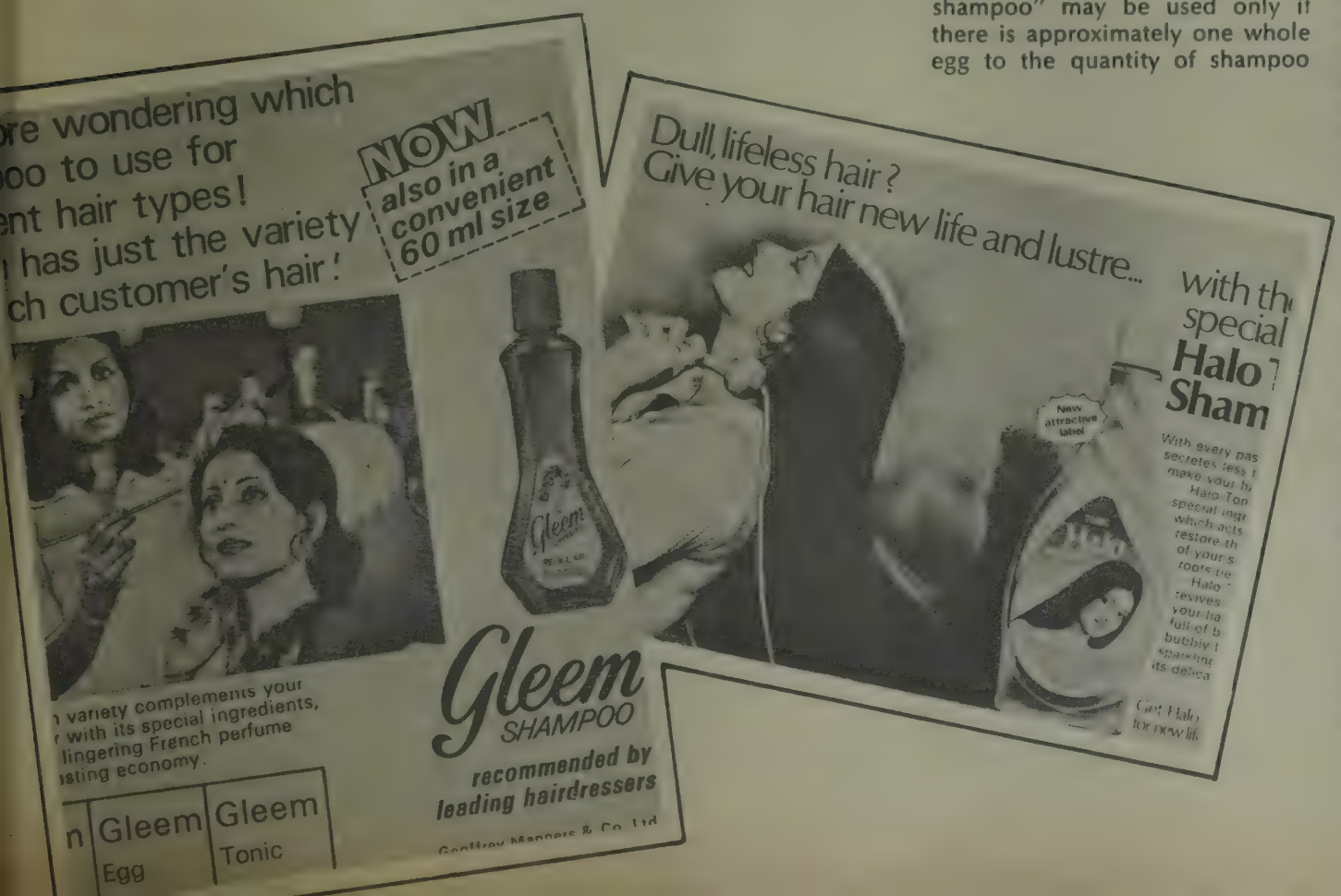
ANTI-DANDRUFF CLAIMS

Dandruff is formed by small flakes of dead skin shed from the scalp combined with oily secretions and dirt. Frequent shampooing regardless of the shampoos used will control normal dandruff. If, however, dandruff is shed in scales larger than normal and becomes unsightly, medicinal shampoos with selenium sulphide will generally control it. Excessive and embarrassing dandruff may indicate seborrheic dermatitis and is a case for medical treatment. Medicated shampoos containing drug ingredients for specific conditions like dandruff come under the scrutiny of the FDA, and such formulations are studied by them.

SIZES AND PRICES

The size situation regarding shampoos is not as chaotic here as in the West nor do brands proliferate with the same abandon. In India, the unit of measurement is standardised, all liquid shampoos being measured in millilitres. The sizes are also more or less standardised. Most shampoos come in 60, 120 and 180 ml. sizes, making price comparisons fairly easy. Some shampoos advertised as family shampoos come in larger sizes — 100 ml., 300 ml. and in one case 400 ml. but a determined consumer can still compare prices.

Continued on page 63



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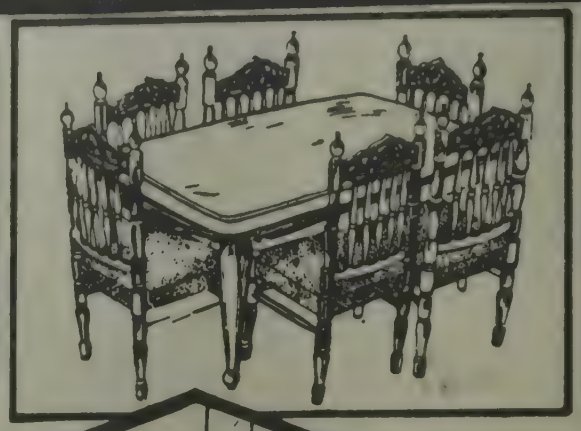

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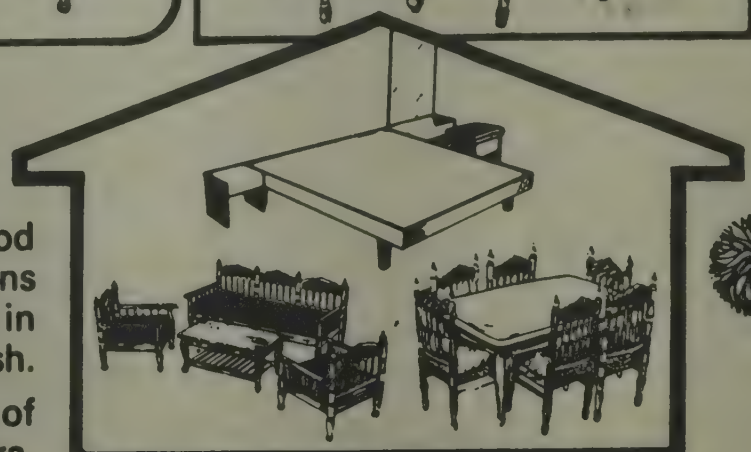

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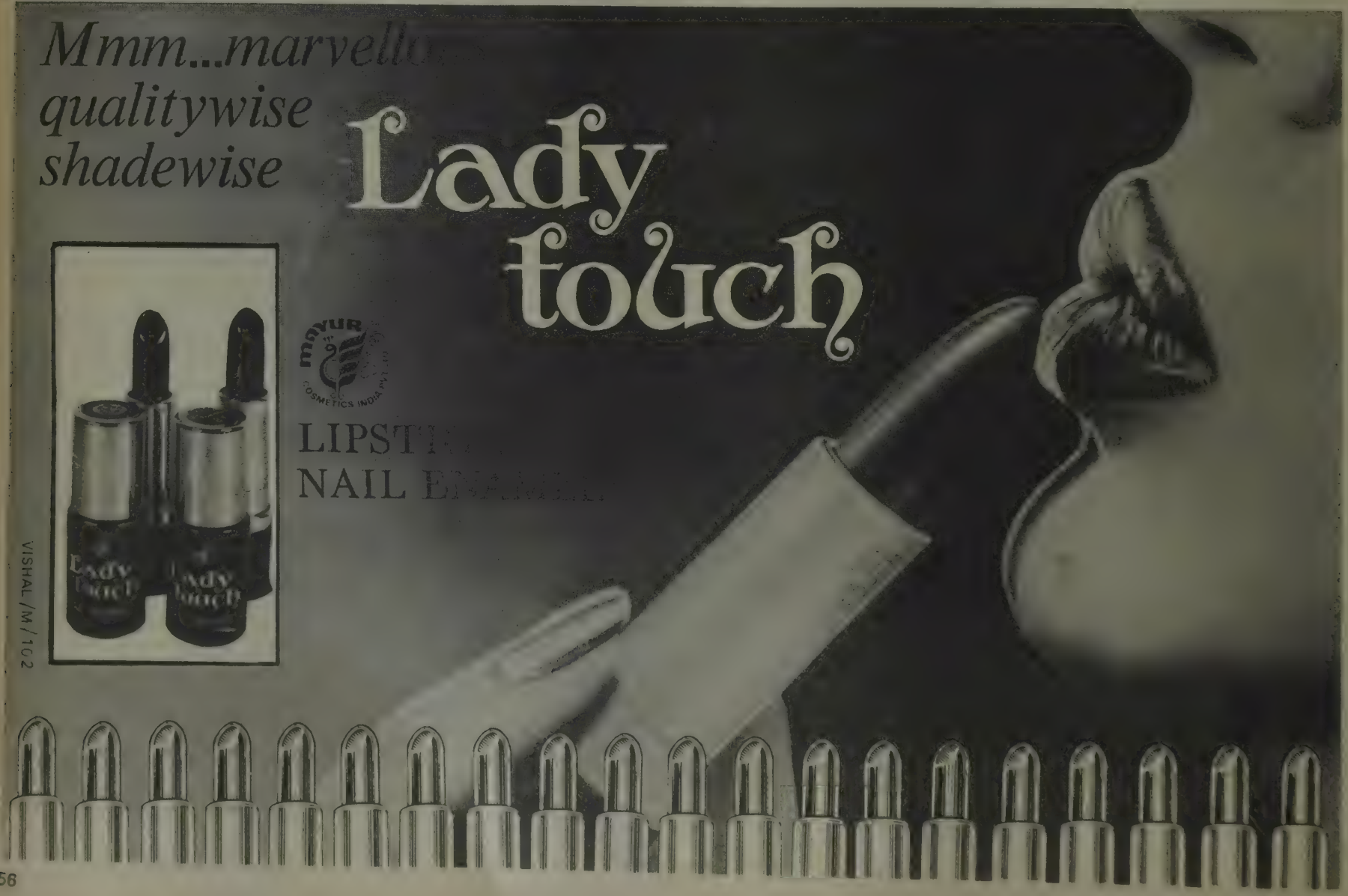

VISHAL/M/102

TRUE CONFESSION

I AM GUILTY OF A MEDICAL HOAX

My phone rang shrilly. I didn't know what time it was. Probably past midnight. I had been asleep for several hours. I reached for it in the dark and said into the receiver with some impatience, "Hello?"

"Doctor," said a male voice. "This is Shekhar. My wife. . ."

"Look," I said, "Come to the dispensary tomorrow and I will give you the medicine."

"No," he cried in a strangled voice. "You must come at once. I don't know what's wrong with her. . . she's. . . it seems serious."

"Take her to a regular hospital then," I said shortly. "This isn't the time for ayurveda. . . Here the process is slow. . ."

"But the medicine you gave before worked so well on Kamli. . . she was improving so fast, looking so healthy. . .I don't know what's wrong now."

I knew what was wrong, but I didn't tell him. What I had been giving her was not ayurvedic medicine at all. This was just a blind for an infinitely more potent medicine that was discreetly introduced into the preparations without the knowledge of my patients. I made a great show with pestle and mortar and innumerable attendents to pound the medications. I kept stacks of dried herbs and bundles of roots neatly catalogued and numbered. But this was just to show my clientele my ayurvedic prowess. It created the right psychological atmosphere for treatment. With any disease, if a patient trusts the doctor completely, half the battle is won.

Every morning people lined up for my medications and the queues did not ebb till night. They came from far and near. The local residents told their friends and relatives in distant towns and villages and my fame spread. The money began to flow in. I could afford to keep two or three cars, one for each of my children. As for me, I was a home bird, content to stay indoors and work my gimmick on the gullible public. I stayed in a palatial house and was available for consultation on the phone. I had acquired a secretary who made appointments for the numerous callers and fitted them into the daily schedule. We had a pharmacy for the compounding of the preparations and a waiting room for the patients, together with an examination room where I scrutinised them in great detail, feeling their pulse and looking at their tongues.

It had not always been like this. Time was when I was a poor, starving ayurvedic practitioner. I know people talk a lot about this science of the ancients which must be preserved at all costs. There are genuine adherents of this school of medicine who vouch for its efficacy. But the truth is that ayurveda is treated as a step-child of medicine and sometimes accorded a status even lower than homoeopathy. Everybody who is ill prefers to flock to the multi-national allopathic system which brings immediate relief, though long term benefits are a matter of doubt.

I used to spout speeches in defence of ayurveda till I grew red in the face with impassioned eloquence but no one listened to me.

My wife Shanta, unable to stand my gloomy spells any more, said one day, "Why don't you do something else instead?"

"What can I do?" I cried. "I am not qualified for anything else!"

"My brother is a medical representative in one of the pharmaceutical companies. Why don't you ask him if there are any openings for you?"

"No!" I shouted. "I hate the whole tribe of them for polluting the public with their hot-selling drugs."

She went about her chores and I thought it was the end of the matter. I took refuge in my room with my ponderous books on ayurveda and read how the science was developed by our ancestors. It was some balm to my injured pride. Shanta roused me with a knock on the door asking me to come for dinner. I put away the books and came out glum faced. Imagine my surprise when I saw her brother Bhaskar in the kitchen. He was already sitting cross legged on the mat with a thali in front of him.

"I didn't know you were coming for dinner," I said with scant civility.

"Shanta invited me," he said looking at his sister. "Didn't she tell you?"

"No," I said sitting down opposite him on another mat. "She doesn't tell me anything."

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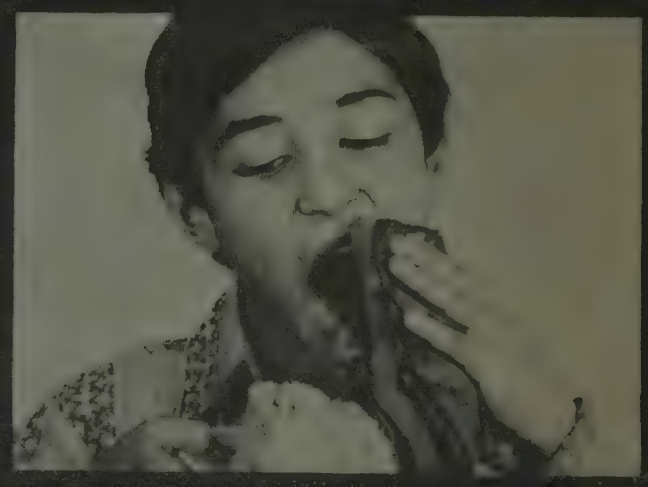

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"That's because you're always so preoccupied with your woes," he pointed out. "If you don't snap out of this vegetable attitude soon, you will go mad apart from staying poor."

"Thank you very much," I snapped. "I admire your audacity. Sitting in front of me in my house and criticising me."

"It is for your own good," he said. "Look, Shanta hasn't bought a decent saree in years. Your children are frail and half starved. You have to find money for their nutrition and education. There is a limit to a woman's endurance. . ."

"So Shanta has been filling your mind with tales of suffering! If she is unhappy here, you're welcome to take her away. I will live alone!" I retorted.

Shanta began to serve us the food — an insipid dal and a watery vegetable. She must have diluted it because we were having company for dinner and the food would run short.

I did not look at her but concentrated on eating. If he had come to take her away, he was welcome.

"I have not come to break up my sister's marriage," he said. "I have come to find a solution to your problem."

"There isn't any," I cried. "Don't overwork those brain cells. You don't have too many of them."

He ignored the jibe and said, "I am sending you two patients. They have tried allopathy and failed to find relief, so they want to try out ayurveda."

"Well, thank heavens for small mercies. Two patients will fill my coffers nicely, thank you!" I said sarcastically.

"This is only the beginning," he said. "There will be more."

"How are you so sure?"

"Because I will compound the medicines," he said.

I laughed outright.

"Are you crazy? What do you know about ayurveda?"

"You will be surprised," he said. I thought he was joking and looked at his face closely but he appeared to be dead serious. "I want to try out an experiment," he said.

"You might kill my patients," I said.

He laughed at that. I did not take him seriously. The next day when the patients came, I sat down to pound the herbs patiently and mix them in the correct proportion when I heard a sound behind me. It was Bhaskar.

"You!" I said.

"Yes. I dropped in a little earlier. Shanta let me in. You were snoozing."

"What do you want? I'm busy."

"Let me do that for you," he said.

"I looked at him amazed. He had really meant what he said. I pushed the mortar and pestle towards him good-naturedly. I rose and stretched my legs. I had put in the correct proportion of everything. Only the effort of pounding it, remained. He was welcome to it.

When he was done, I wrapped a little of the medicine in individual packets to make up the doses, then rose and went out to where my patients sat. One of them looked up. His name he had told me was Pandurang, a tired looking, middle-aged man whose skin hung loose below his eyes in unhealthy pouches. He was suffering from ulcers. The other was a young woman accompanied by her husband. She had severe attacks of asthma.

I gave the packets to old Pandurang and asked the woman to wait while I dispensed her medicine. But Bhaskar peeped out and told me the medicine was ready. I looked at him in surprise. I went in quickly and said to him under my breath, "Go away. Don't play the fool with my patients."

I sat down and laborously prepared the remedy for asthma and didn't let Bhaskar interfere in this one. Both patients came back. The woman was worse than ever after having taken the medicine I had compounded with my own hands, while Pandurang was the picture of health. He seemed full of pep, didn't complain of stomach pain and had put on a little weight. He wanted to thank me for curing him so soon. I was amazed. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined ayurveda could cure so quickly.

Bhaskar said to me when I told him of the success, "Had you let me compound the other medicine, too, the woman with asthma would have got relief, too."

It was the first inkling I had that he had put something else into the preparation. I asked him directly about it.

"What did you put in?"

"Cortico-steroids," he said. "Just a few grains. It was enough."

Then he told me what the drug accomplished. Cortico-steroids were a panacea for a host of ills ranging from the common cold to violent asthma. Be it fever or pain or an undiagnosed complaint, cortico-steroids banished the symptoms temporarily. It was a multi-purpose medicine which worked in almost all cases of physical malaise.

"It is used quite often in allopathic medicine in combination with other drugs," he said. "There's no reason why you shouldn't use it too if it gets you results."

"It is not ayurveda," I said staunchly.

"Who will know?" he queried "not your patients. They will be only too glad to be cured and they will tell others how good you are and your clientele will increase."

I saw the efficacy of it, but that night I couldn't sleep.

If I used the drug, it would be sacrilege of the worst sort. I would be going contrary not only to my conscience but to the ideals I had hitherto upheld about the rich heritage of the ayurvedic school of medicine. Then I reasoned that at least my wife and children wouldn't starve. We would have a better life.

IF I USED THE DRUG, IT WOULD BE SACRILEGE OF THE WORST SORT. I WOULD BE GOING CONTRARY NOT ONLY TO MY CONSCIENCE BUT TO THE IDEALS I HAD HITHERTO UPHELD

The next day I asked Bhaskar, "How much does this cortico-steroid cost?"

He grinned at me, knowing the battle was won. "It is quite a lot if you go for the strips available in the market," he said. "But I can get you bulk packs at a discount and then each pill won't cost more than a few paise."

But my mind still wavered.

"Don't worry," he said. "You needn't buy the bulk pack right away. I will get you the samples we normally dole out free to doctors. It will do for a start. Then if you don't like it, you can stop."

Yes, I consoled myself. It was not as if it was a permanent thing. I could always give it up. Little did I know how money can corrupt. Once I had started, there was no going back.

"Ah. . . er. . ." said Bhaskar. "There's one little thing I forgot to mention."

I looked at him.

"I expect a cut for my brainwave," he said. "It's only fair."

"How much do you want?"

"Only 15 per cent," he said, "of whatever you earn."

"All right," I said. "It's a deal."

That was how it began. Soon my practice began to flourish and with my success Bhaskar demanded a hike in his cut. He wanted to move from 15 to 20 per cent. I agreed magnanimously. Later he demanded 25 per cent. I was reluctant to give in. I had got used to the taste of money and it hurt to part with even a little of my wealth. That was when I got a first inkling of his mean intentions. He said if I didn't give what he asked, he would go to the police. I gave in, afraid he would burst the bubble of my prosperity if I refused.

Over the years I learnt other things about the drug we mixed, that I hadn't known before and which Bhaskar had not troubled to tell me. Cortico-steroids produced many side effects. There was a false sense of well-being generated by the intake, which gave a temporary feeling of elation. It caused obesity when the treatment was prolonged. The patient grew chubby and "moon-faced" and this was mistaken for good health. Protracted dosage reduced effectiveness and you had to give larger and larger doses to compensate. Finally, after a long period, it tended to produce a resistance to other drugs, which then failed to work in an emergency.

It was a vicious circle, but it filled my coffers and that was what mattered to Bhaskar. Many a time I told him we would pull out of the game. But he wouldn't hear of it. His share had risen over the years to as much as 50 per cent and he was not prepared to give up.

I don't know where this will end. But I just can't keep the hoax to myself any more, so I am writing it here with changed names hoping my patients will read it and shy off, so that the racket dies a natural death.

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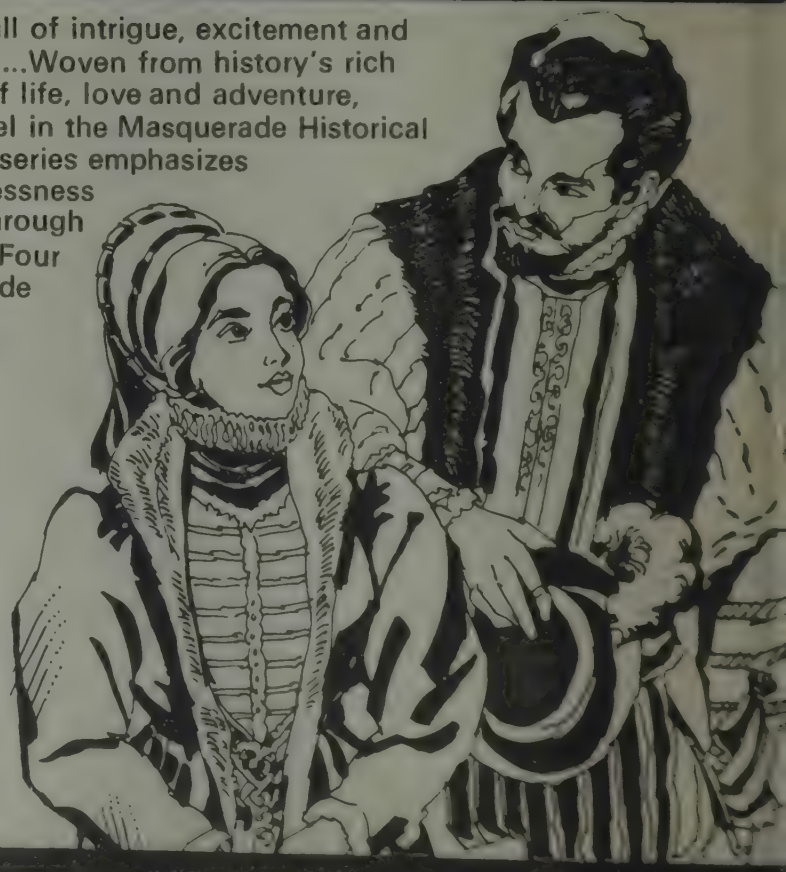

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LIBRARIES ON WHEELS

Continued from page 21

well as in other Asian countries by expanding the professional horizons of the staff of Literacy House, and also by its active outreach to feed vital information and provide services to other researchers in the same field. This institution is essentially a continuing education and research centre in functional literacy and related social education for adults.

Literacy House's publication programme was originally directed towards producing reading matter for learners, but since the mid-1960's it has concentrated on preparing standard syllabi and producing instructional material in Hindi and English for workers and administrators in adult education.

These endeavours have made Literacy House known throughout the country and has stimulated demand from many states for training courses, materials and extension centres. To meet these demands, it has prepared a standardised syllabus for each training course together with supplementary guides for teachers.

Literacy House claims the credit for being the first institution in India to develop adult correspondence courses and programmed instruction teaching techniques for literacy workers and neoliterates. Programme instruction involves the application of techniques of self-learning, a more sophisticated form of correspondence course.

Publishing primers, readers and other books specially written for neoliterates is the backbone of Literacy House's publication programme. As literacy generates a new reading public in the villages, there is an increasing need for low priced books specially written for adults whose reading and comprehension skills are not fully developed.

Besides organising training courses in audiovisual education, puppetry and teaching literacy, the Training Department at Literacy House runs five courses in adult education, namely: literacy and adult education for enrolled university students under the national service scheme; librarians working with neoliterates; literary supervisors; farmers' education workers; and administrators and literacy workers of the Uttar Pradesh Department of Jails.

In the late 1960's, Literacy House progressively extended its activities to other parts of the country, and now the greater part of its courses are conducted off campus in collaboration with other agencies specialising in adult education. This is a landmark in spreading Literacy House's pattern of functional adult education throughout India.

Literacy House has trained among others, workers for the Government of India's National Adult Education Programme (NAEP), the National Service Volunteer Scheme, and writers of basic literature for neoliterates in several regional languages.

Among the materials it has developed for NAEP are eight sets of basic materials, including primers, charts, guidebooks and workbooks for teachers in Gujarati, Hindi, Nepali, Oriya, Punjabi, Tamil and Urdu for both men and women.

In collaboration with the National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT), Literacy House has developed a two-year course in part-time nonformal education for children between nine and 14 years, as well as four sets of basic materials for the first stage of the course.

Its promotional activities include the reproduction of the scheme of assistance to voluntary agencies brought out by the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare of the Government of India under NAEP. It has supplied teaching materials to more than 15,000 centres for adult education run by state governments or voluntary agencies in the Andaman Nicobars, Bihar, Gujarat, Rajasthan, Tamil Nadu and Uttar Pradesh.

Literacy House's current activities include courses for supervisor trainers in NAEP, job training for **mukhya sevikas,** preparing teachers for the Nai Taleem Samiti, UP, and for women field workers in Nepal for family life and adult education programmes.

Among its assignments are preparing and producing materials for a guidebook in Hindi to train supervisors of NAEP centres, another to involve NSS volunteers in NAEP. Two sets of reading materials are under production, one for tribal peoples and the other for urban target groups.

Evaluations of earlier programmes of adult and nonformal education revealed that they lacked direction, skill and software at all levels of operation. An official committee appointed to assess the nonformal education programme recognised this and resolved in 1976 that "it is necessary that a resource centre is created by sponsoring a voluntary organisation, or directly under the Government, to organise training activities, curriculum development, preparation of diversified learning, instructional materials and other necessary services."

Acting on this resolution, the Union Ministry of Education wrote to the state governments to set up resource centres. Six were created in 1976, and on the recommendation of the UP Government the Ministry recognised Literacy House as the state's resource centre.

This narrative would be incomplete without mention of Literacy House's development of puppetry as a means of audiovisual communication to widen the frontiers of knowledge of illiterates, semi-literates and neoliterates.

Puppetry is a folk art form as ancient as Indian civilisation itself. Originally a form of entertainment intertwined with village community life, it is even today a very powerful medium for conveying ideas, although more sophisticated modern mediums of communication exist.

Among the numerous functions Literacy House performs in this field are: training men and women in the art of educational puppetry; developing instructional material on it; experimenting and researching on puppetry as an educational medium; composing puppet dramas; and fabricating puppets of the glove type, and stages.

The puppet section has conducted commercial publicity on contract for Life Insurance Corporation, the Union Ministry of Health and Family Planning, the Ministry of Agriculture and Irrigation, the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare, and the Ministry of Defence.

Among the most popular of its wide repertory of plays are "Katghar", the theme of which is the need to plan one's family, "Ujala", which stresses the need to educate women, "Aurat ki Nak", a warning that desire for accumulating jewellery could have fatal consequences, and "Adambar", which castigates caste prejudice as a sin against society.

The Author is the Treasurer, India Literacy Board.

The untouchable toilet

In India, toilet is a dirty word. It needn't be.

Most people really treat their toilet dirty. No other room in the house gets as little attention. No room needs it more. What we choose not to see doesn't bother us at all. Well here's something that will.

A dirty toilet doesn't just look and smell unpleasant. It is unhealthy, unhygienic, even positively dangerous.

That's the plain truth. Not understated. But not exaggerated either. So perhaps you should ask yourself a question.

Is your toilet as clean as you'd like it to be?

There's only one person who need know the answer. You.

Even if you get the sweeper to clean it every morning, is he doing it as well as he should. Or as quickly as possible?

If you're not happy with your answer, here's something you'll be happy to hear of... Sanifresh.

What is Sanifresh?

Sanifresh is a lavatory cleanser that does a lot of dirty work for you. Flush the toilet first.

Then sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Give it 3-4 hours to act. Better still, leave it overnight. Then flush again. If the flush does not work, pour a bucketful of water. And there, all your cleaning problems have gone too!

Sanifresh acts 3 ways:

1. Sanifresh cleans thoroughly.

It contains a highly active cleansing agent that removes the most stubborn stains. Sanifresh cleans where a brush can't even reach.

2. Sanifresh gets rid of dangerous germs.

A toilet can be a breeding ground for germs, a likely source of disease. Sanifresh gives you the kind of protection ordinary 'phenyles' cannot. So you can be absolutely sure your toilet is absolutely safe.

3. Sanifresh banishes unpleasant odours.

A toilet can smell awful. Bad ventilation traps odours and makes the problem worse. Sanifresh contains a deodorant that freshens the air and dispels odours.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Considering how important toilet cleanliness is, there's just one answer. Every single day.

It does all your dirty work to keep your toilet clean.

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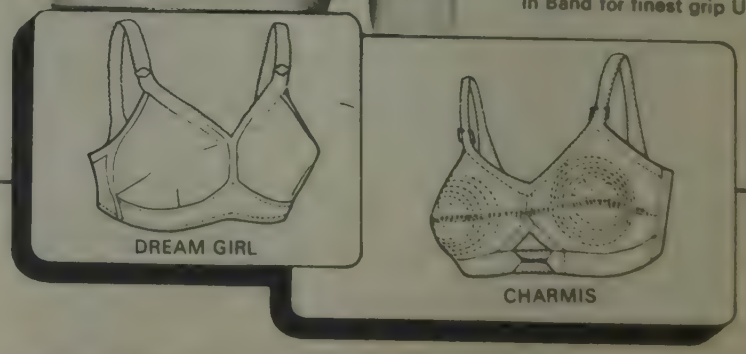

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WHAT'S IN A SHAMPOO ?

Continued from page 55

When and if unit pricing comes in, the customer will be able to compare prices without elaborate mental calculations, or having to hunt for similar sizes. Mandatory unit pricing makes it obligatory for the manufacturer to give not only the price of a product but to declare the price of a set quantity, say 100 ml., to enable the customer to compare prices.

Because the Government considers shampoos a luxury for the elite, it has clapped a thumping 100 per cent excise duty on them. So don't forget that if you can afford to pay a tenner for a bottle of shampoo a fiver goes straight into the bottomless pit of government expenditure. In addition, marketing executives claim that shampoos must be glamourised and made to seem exclusive and luxurious if they are to sell. Hence the beautiful packaging, the sculptured bottles. the exquisite nymphs in T.V. or film ads bounding gently in slow motion over acres of garden into the arms of their gently loping lovers. My suggestion that more consumers would buy the stuff if prices were brought down through cuts in packaging and advertising expenditure drew reactions of incredulous pity for my naivete.

I was told a horror story of an annual 20 per cent fall in the sales of a leading shampoo while inferior brands were zooming to the top of the market on the strength of their advertising finesse alone.

On detached consideration of the facts, one is forced to admit that manufacturers have stripped the packing down to the bare bottle and that advertising may be essential to keep a brand in the public eye. But those high, high duties? Are they really necessary? But that's another horror story! To get back from duties to shampoos and sum up, there may not be as much difference between different brands as manufacturers would like us to believe. Feel free to experiment till you find one you really like, but invest in the smaller sizes to avoid being stuck with a shampoo that does not suit you.

Shampoos certainly do more for your hair than soaps, leaving it cleaner, more shiny and bouncy, and with greater body. But shampoos will not heal or nourish your hair and the conditioners in them will not correct or conceal damage caused by chemicals in harsh bleaches, hair dyes, or by intense applied heat. So don't expect miracles. Those are strictly for the advertisements.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

WAHEEDA: BACK AT THE STUDIO, LOVELY AS EVER

Sanjay Khan and Zeenat had hot arguments on the sets of "Abdullah", after which Sanjay coolly walked up to her and slapped her across the face. Zeenat was in tears. It took folks quite some time to realise it was not a scene from the film but a "real" drama. So, after the reported nikhas, champagne, roses, the slap. Since Nutan ended the Sanjeev relationship with a slap, folks predict doom for Sanjay — an end to the Zeenat affair.

I feel, with the slap, the affair has just begun for Zeenat. Her idea of excitement is being manhandled by a man. She loves her body tattoed by love marks, nail marks, bruises, etc. I recollect so many cancellations during the "Satyam Shivam" shooting just because the camera would trap traces of a rough night on Zeenat's face. Once she even reported for work with a black eye.

Waheeda is looking lovely, now that she has stopped breeding and is back in the studios. Or maybe she looked lovely in comparison with Shabana on the sets of Prakash Mehra's "Jwalamukhi". Waheeda's husband, Kamaljeet, besides light eyes, has intelligence. However Ramma Bans of the Health Club, Taj (ex Mrs. I S. Johar), and first cousin of Kamaljeet, complained and said, "Waheeda has made a lovely wife, and a good bahu for my mausi, but this Kamaljeet 'saara din khata rehta hai'. He eats parathas and dal with asli ghee tadka, and spends his evenings with Salim Khan, his neighbour, that's all."

And I am sick of all dedicated and working people (including me). What's wrong with just blue eyes, dal with asli ghee and evenings with Salim Khan?

There are so many people who work night and day, but you cannot have a single beautiful or intelligent moment with them. High time folks stopped talking of living off women, etc. After all, 99 per cent of women still marry and live with a cheque book.

At a party, when a poet recited a couplet on Waheeda, she blushed, but I noticed Kamaljeet. He was seated at the far end, and he looked at his wife, and could not stop staring. Well, if you can get a husband to look at you like that, off guard, after six years of marriage, I think it is worth it.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Flag Day Committee of the National Association for the Blind organised a grand star-studded premiere of the film, "Suhaag" at the Metro cinema. The main objective of the Association is to rehabilitate the visually handicapped, educate them and eventually assist them to become financially independent.

* * *

The Bombay Theosophical Federation held an educational conference in commemoration of the birth centenary of Dr. George S. Arundale at Blavatsky Lodge. Prof. S.S. Varde, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra, inaugurated the function. Mrs. M.D. Engineer gave the welcome address.

Mrs. Rukmini Devi Arundale is the President of the Federation.

* * *

A premiere show of the film "Agatha" was held at the Eros cinema in aid of the Shanti Avedna Ashram. A hospice for terminal cancer patients, it is the first of its kind in India. Mr. Rolf Gerber, Consul General, Switzerland, was the guest of honour and Mrs. Gerber drew out the lucky numbers for prizes for the souvenir.

The ashram will be built in Bandra and has received aid from Switzerland and Germany. Mrs. Celia Siqueira Noronha is the Chairman of the fund-raising committee of the ashram and Dr. L. J. de Souza of Tata Memorial Hospital, Parel, is the Managing Trustee.

* * *

Sanjivani, a welfare organisation, has been actively involved in relief work connected with the recent floods at Morvi.

Tools, implements and raw materials were provided to 1200, artisans and traders to enable them to start their business again. The Blind Men's Association and other orchestra groups received musical instruments. More than 1200 school and college students were provided with text books, note books and compass boxes. Charts, gymnastic equipment, furniture, will also be provided in the near future.

Sanjivani will reconstruct the Vadilal Market which has been completely destroyed by the floods and provide monetary aid to middle-class families in the area. Immediate relief in the form of distribution of sets of new clothes and bedsheets, primus stoves, lanterns, edible oil, biscuits and masalas has already been carried out.

* * *

Colonel R. K. Nanda held an exhibition of his collection of Drift Wood at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Mrs. Nargis Sunil Dutt was the chief guest.

* * *

The Sri Rajarajeswari Bharatha Natya Kala Mandir held a Bharatha Natya arangetram of Shobhana Nagarajan at the Jhaverbhai Patel Sabagriha recently. Mrs. Nayana Jhaveri was the chief guest. 15 year-old Shobhana studies in the Junior college of SIES College, Sion.

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1. 26 travel writers from all over the world were invited by the Department of Tourism, Government of India. Seen with the invitees are Mr. G. Kerawalla, G. M. Hotel Connemara (2nd from left); Mr. Kesavan, Chairman Travel Agents Assoc. of India (4th from left), Mrs. S. Jagannathan, Reg. Dir. Govt. of India Tourist Office (centre); and Mr. J. R. Ramanathan, Mg. Dir., Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation (2nd from right);

2. At a cocktail dinner hosted by the Resident Managers, Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are seen (from left) Miss Carla Atzella; Miss E. Bilquist, Mr. Ravi Bhatia, and Mr. G. S. Wadhwa.

3. At the Chic-Modi Thread Needlework Contest are seen (from left) Najma Sadiq, Manju Mody; Nirupama Subramanyam, Lalita Subbaratnam; Mr. R. Murali; Sister Jenevieve, a guest, and Vimala Rangachar.

4. At the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills in Madras, are seen (right to left) Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas, Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills; Annette Balraj, runner-up; Sharon Antia, Ambiprincess; Mr. M. V. Arunachalam, Chief Guest; Arifa Rifasi, Ambiqueen; Renu Dadlani, runner-up; Mr. J. C. Jain, Publisher and Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly Ltd., and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

DELHI

Mr. Helmut Mayer of the Oberoi Intercontinental has started a series of luncheons and every week at the "Chef's Round Table" presents interesting and unique culinary expertise. Helmut Mayer started his career in Austria. In Delhi he has created a gastronomic revolution and gained a reputation as a "chef" with an innovative approach to cooking.

* * *

The Indian Council For Cultural Relations organised two delightful and entertaining evenings. For the lovers of Indian classical music, Rajan and Sajan Mishra gave an inspired vocal recital. Yerginia Mirosh Nicheke of the Bolshoi opera and Khalida Akhtayamova gave a lively vocal and instrumental recital of music from the U.S.S.R.

CALCUTTA

An educational conference was held under the auspices of the South Calcutta District Committee. Dr. Ramen Poddar, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, presided over the occasion. Many problems of educational reforms were discussed by some eminent professors of the university.

* * *

The 18th annual exhibition by the members of the Academy of Fine Arts Children's Studio was inaugurated by Mr. Jatin Chakravarty, P.W.D. Minister, Government of West Bengal. Lady Ranu Mookerjee, President of the Academy, said that the children's studio has been a source of joy for talented children in the metropolis. They invariably received awards whenever they competed in exhibitions held by other organisations.

BARODA

The committee members of the I.P.C.L. Ladies' Club collected 1500 kilograms of wheat and 500 kg. of rice, bajra, jowar and dal, for the flood victims of Morvi. More than 5000 pieces of clothing were also donated.

The Club also organised a film show in the colony's open air theatre and collected Rs. 2000.

Mrs. Sushila Mallya, President of the Club, presented the cheque to Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Gujarat.

BANGALORE

The Chic-Modi Thread Needlework Contest of Karnataka was a great success with more than 500 entries. The prize winners in the adult section were Shoba Shinde Nasarikar, Esther Susheela Simons, Francis Rose Vergini, Vijalakshmi and Arundathi. In the children's section, the first three prizes were won by Annapurna, Asha Kiran and Asha Panakal, while Nanda Prity, Jayashree Nagarajan and Yamini Nafde won the prizes in the teenage section.

The panel of judges consisted of Lalita Subbaratnam, Cine Star Jayanti, Nirupama Subramanyam, Najma Sadiq, Sister Jenevieve, Manju Mody and Vimla Rangachar. Mr. R. Murali, Manager of Modi Thread Mills, explained that the first prize entries qualify for an All-India contest to be held shortly.

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5. At a premiere show of the film "Agatha" held at the Eros theatre, Bombay, in aid of the Shanti Avedna Ashram are seen (from left) Dr. L. J. de Souza; Mrs. C. Siqueira Noronha; Mr. Rolf Gerber, Consul General, Switzerland, and Mrs. Gerber.

6. At the Chef's Round Table lunch held at Hotel Oberoi Intercontinental, Delhi, are seen (from left) Mrs. Tara Alibaig, Mr. Helmut Mayer, Chef de Cuisine, and Madame Nicolitis, wife of the Ambassador of Cypress.

7. A sale organised by the Vigilance Home, Santhome, Madras, was inaugurated by Mrs. Sarojini Varadappan (extreme left).

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK DEC. 1 — 7, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT's YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A good year for cash and career from unexpected chances. Stay alert, be ready to act quickly, to improvise — and bluff a little — when necessary. You must not be afraid to change course; it would be a mistake to cling to the past, which will be detrimental to your ambitions. Venus and Mars are strongly aspected — a good sign for affairs of the heart — but this could mean a change of affections for you. If single, you will have many opportunities to form new links. In view of the emphasis on business matters, try to guard against getting into a routine of all work and no play.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

Accent on people and places far away in a personal or a business sense. Travel is accented and if your work has to do with overseas connections, this should be a flourishing phase. A good time to contact folk you've been out of touch with.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

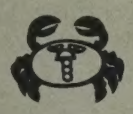
There'll be minor irritations, but be patient. People will tend to be thoughtless and demanding and you may become restless and unsettled but a more tranquil phase begins soon. Go shopping late for Christmas.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

This will be a relatively easy-going week. Take the chance to get yourself up to date on routine issues before a busy period begins on the 13th. Extra money may come in, also an unusual proposition — which will be worth consideration.

CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

While you had a progressive and enjoyable 1979, there will be some current difficulties and irritations, but these are fleeting. Venus in opposition to your sign puts the advantage with others, so follow a cautious policy, especially financially.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

An ardent relationship begun recently may settle down onto a gentler basis. You've probably done yourself some good, jobwise, and the trend continues for your plans. This week will be busy, but bright and breezy, and a relative will be lucky for you.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Mars in your sign is giving you that special "get up and go." Your love life will be affected in an exciting way; you'll be bolder in all spheres of activity! If single, a new affair could begin, possibly with a business contact.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Delayed news will come in — and be better than you'd hoped. Or, some pleasant surprise. The social scene is lively, but may have more commitments than you can manage. This week is good for entertaining at home.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Background influences favour you, so get plans for the future into shape. Mercury is in your sign until the 12th, bringing a lively social life. Businesswise, a splendid time for confidential negotiations.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Your financial position looks promising; this week you may get a useful tip or piece of information. A good phase for your projects. If planning to move in new directions, next week sees a helpful influence.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

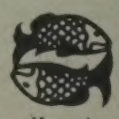
Use your talent for money manipulation to do yourself a bit of good! People will be in the mood to help you, to put in a good word for you behind your back! Loved ones plan nice treats for you; an affectionate atmosphere will prevail.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

This week promises good luck, but difficult to see just how it will come. Be alert, and keep up to date with what is going on around you, both in business and social life. Your stars will soon lead you into a new circle of friends and widen your horizon.

PISCES



(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Things will not be more relaxed until the new year; people will be awkward, extra tasks and responsibilities will be thrust upon you for a time. Avoid impulsive actions and decisions. If anyone offers Christmas hospitality, accept it!

EVE TODAY

Continued from page 45

The resident children at the Clarke School are allowed to keep pets — dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels, etc.

What did she think of the expensive equipment needed for her special school for the handicapped? "Well, to tell you frankly, many of the hearing aids and much of the equipment made in India (though there are a few good companies, their products are often even more costly) are sub-standard. I feel they should keep in step with the latest trends in audiology and speech training.

"When we first started, there were only three students. Now there are 175, from different parts of India, some from abroad too," Miss Patrick remarked. The Clarke School has seven classes and it is hoping to start the 8th class this year. Each teacher is assigned 8 or 10 children — they are divided according to IQ and hearing loss. There are 35 mentally retarded children: separate classes are held for those without deafness and the mentally retarded with deafness. Today the school has begun accepting children who are orthopaedically handicapped and those with multiple handicaps.

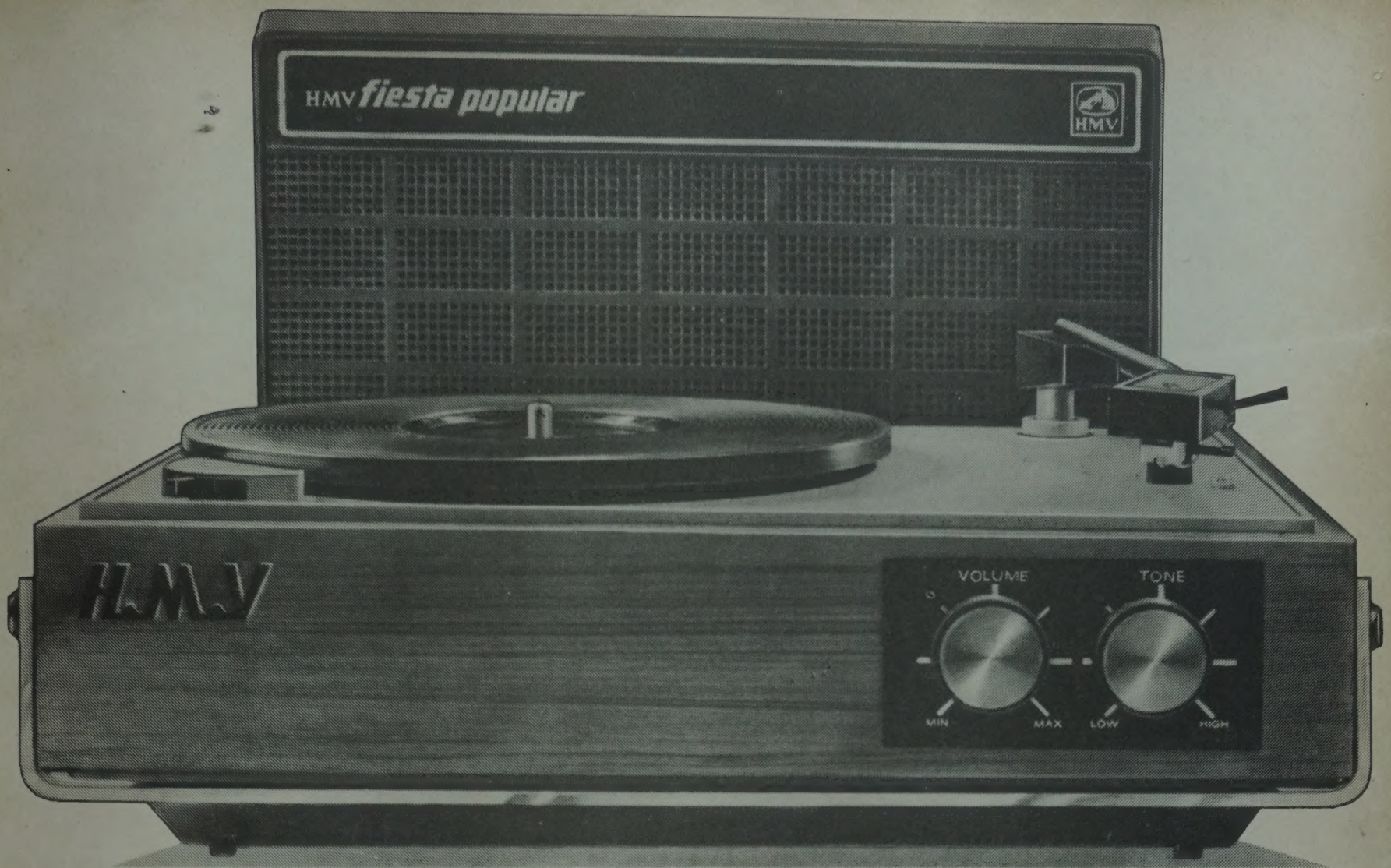
Sign language is firmly discouraged as Miss Patrick believes that deaf children should learn to use their tongues: that is the very purpose of the Clarke School which teaches deaf children through the oral method. Group hearing aids (with a head-rest for each child) are provided for some lessons. The school tests and fits hearing aids, free of charge, for poor children.

Did the teachers require special qualifications? Where were they trained? "A willingness to work with the handicapped. . . sympathy. . . understanding. . . these are the qualities I look for. Above all, patience is required," said Miss Patrick. The Clarke School hopes to provide regular in-service training for teachers.

The Association of Parents of the Deaf, an organisation formed to provide guidance for parents of afflicted children, has opened a workshop on the premises of the Clarke School. Over 100 hearing aids are freely serviced and repaired every day.

Miss Patrick mentioned that those children who had passed from the Clarke School and had joined normal schools were doing as well, if not better than, ordinary children. She cited names of several such children who had now been rehabilitated to face life with confidence.

But what did the future hold for the handicapped? She admitted that she hoped for the best all the time. "I believe that the Indian universities should — without any reservation — open their doors to these young people so that job opportunities may be available for them if they are equipped with proper qualifications. Though Government has reserved three per cent of the job opportunities for the handicapped (one per cent for the deaf), how far we have achieved them is a pertinent question. And what could be better or more meaningful if, in the IYC, such vistas are opened up — there would then be so much scope, so much incentive for a deaf child!" Miss Patrick pleaded.



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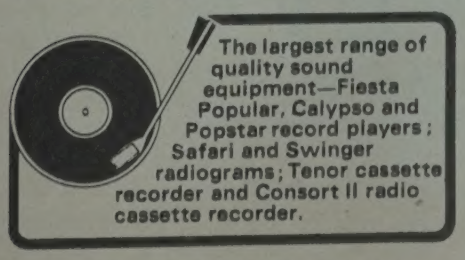

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